CRIME + JUSTICE - #10 CDC 11/5 2

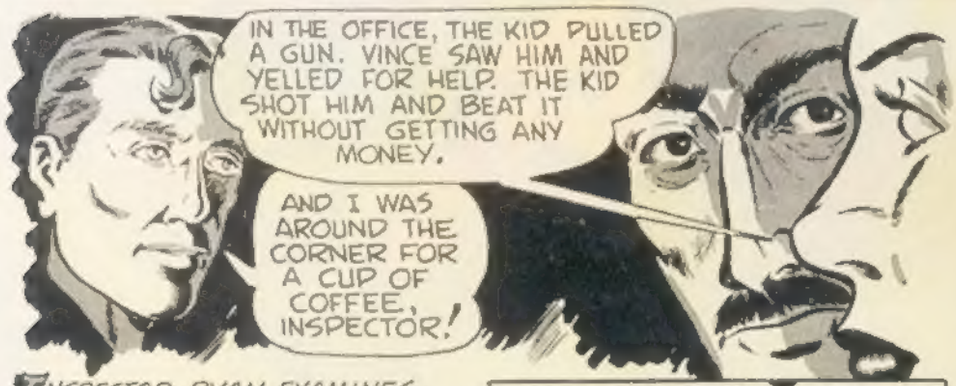
Cover Lou Morales }
IF Dick Gerberg (RE-PIN COC GIANT)
1 Lou Morales * ALTAGED ED
2 FROLO
3 Stan Campbell
4 "
5 Lou Morales *

CRIME AND JUSTICE
CRIME and JUSTICE
10¢
NO. 10
AW, CURT! JUST WHEN I WAS ABOUT TO GET INTO THE ACT!
WHAP!
IN THIS ISSUE... FOLLOW MR. AND MRS. CHASE IN THEIR NEW AND EXCITING DEATH DEFYING ADVENTURES!!!

CAN YOU SOLVE THIS?

AT THE HOME OF VINCE SHAW, NOTORIOUS, WEALTHY UNDERWORLD CHARACTER...

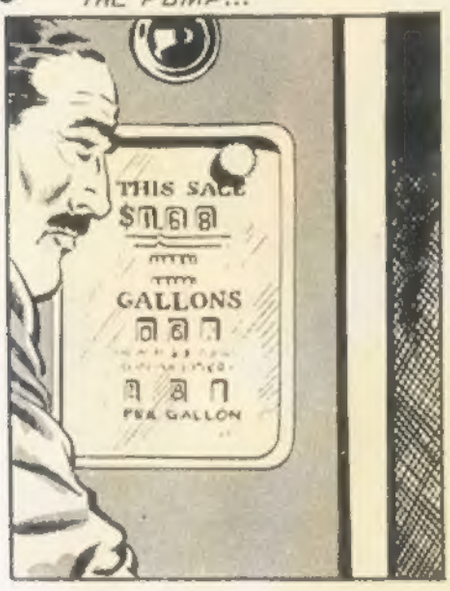
THE NEXT DAY INSPECTOR RYAN RUSHES TO ANITA AND MIKE MILLER'S GAS STATION. VINCE SHAW IS DEAD.


IN THE OFFICE, THE KID PULLED A GUN. VINCE SAW HIM AND YELLED FOR HELP. THE KID SHOT HIM AND BEAT IT WITHOUT GETTING ANY MONEY.
AND I WAS AROUND THE CORNER FOR A CUP OF COFFEE, INSPECTOR!

MIKE MILLER FINALLY CONFESSED HE HAD SHOT VINCE SHAW. MIKE SAID ANITA HAD CONFESSED TO HIM THAT SHE THOUGHT SHE LOVED THE GANGSTER. MIKE AND ANITA MADE UP THE HOLD-UP STORY TOGETHER.

VINCE ONLY HAD BILLS ON HIS PERSON. YOU CLAIMED YOU GAVE HIM CHANGE OF A FIVE. THE PUMP READ $1.68... IF YOU TOLD THE TRUTH THERE SHOULD HAVE BEEN 32 CENTS IN CHANGE ON THE DEAD MAN!

INSPECTOR RYAN EXAMINES THE PUMP...



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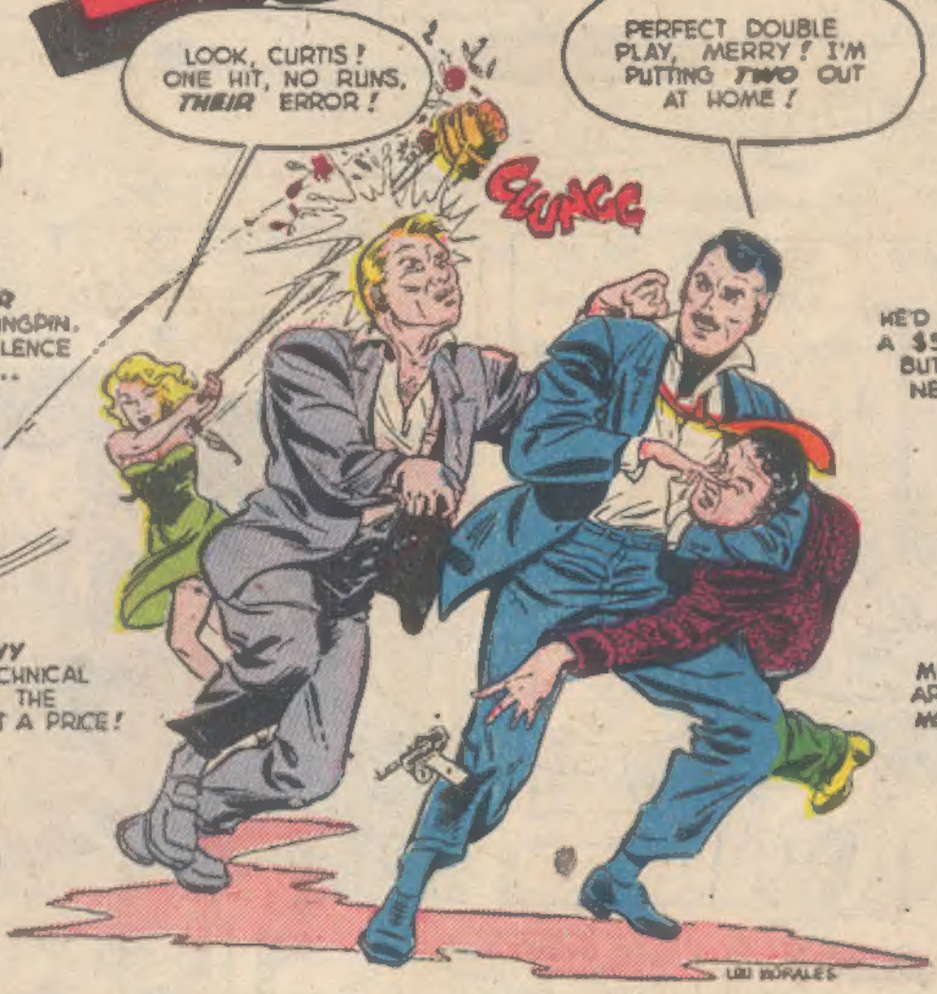
A MR. & MRS. CHASE NOVELETTE

the BOMBER



LOOCH MOR
THE CRIMINAL KINGPIN. HE DISLIKED VIOLENCE SO HE CALLED...

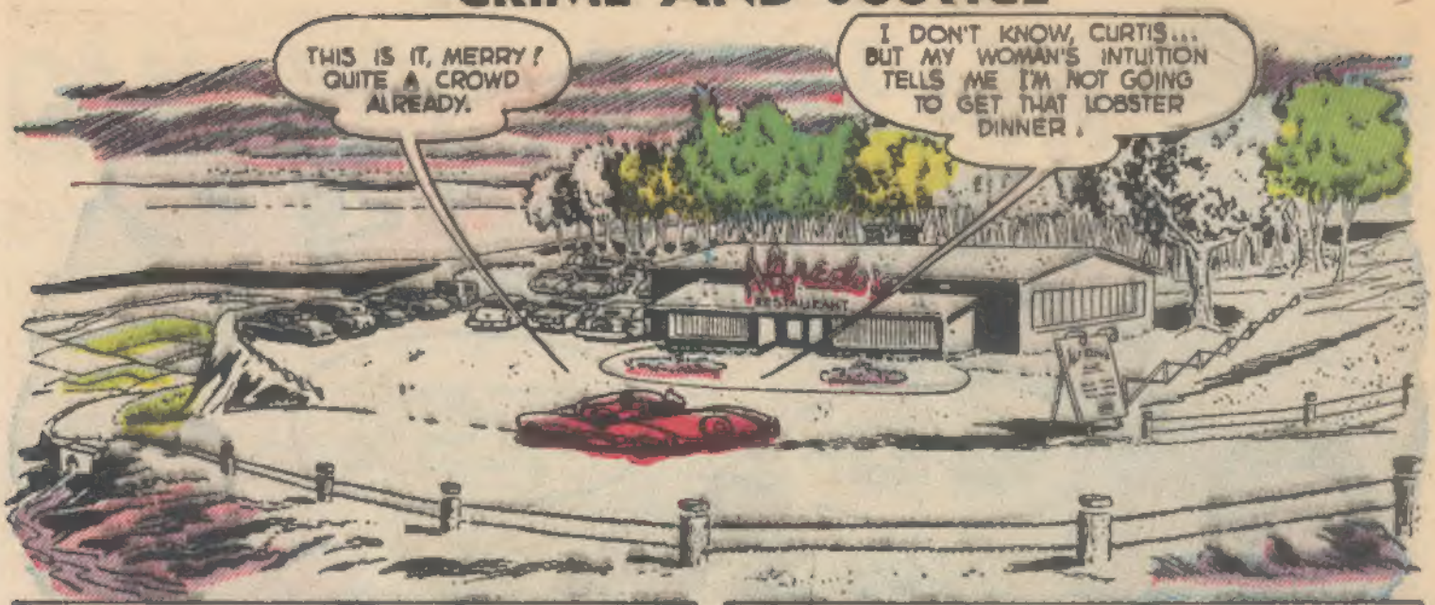
ART [illegible]
HE'D DONE HIS TIME FOR A $500,000 BANK JOB, BUT THE LOOT WAS NEVER RECOVERED.

BOMBER DENNY
HE HANDLED 'TECHNICAL PROBLEMS' FOR THE UNDERWORLD... AT A PRICE!

ROLLO
MUSIC LOVING, STRONG ARM MAN FOR LOOCH MOR, AND COUSIN OF...

ALFREDO
THE QUIET, EASYGOING RESTAURANT OWNER FINGERED FOR THE RUB-OUT!

BIG T
A SLOWER, MUCH LESS SOCIABLE VERSION OF ROLLO.


THIS IS IT, MERRY! QUITE A CROWD ALREADY.
I DON'T KNOW, CURTIS... BUT MY WOMAN'S INTUITION TELLS ME I'M NOT GOING TO GET THAT LOBSTER DINNER.
Alfredo's
RESTAURANT

MADAME... IF LOBSTER IS THY WISH, THAT IT SHALL BE!
NEVER MIND THE SIR WALTER RALEIGH AND MAKE SURE THEY HAVE IT ON THE MENU.

HELLO, ALFREDO. BOY, YOU'VE REALLY GOT A NICE LAYOUT HERE... WISH YOU LOTS OF LUCK. OH, I WANT YOU TO MEET MY CHARMING WIFE, MERRY.
AH! I'M VERY HAPPY TO MEET YOU. AND FOR YOU BOTH I MAKE MY OWN SPECIAL DISH!
BUT I WANTED LOBSTER...

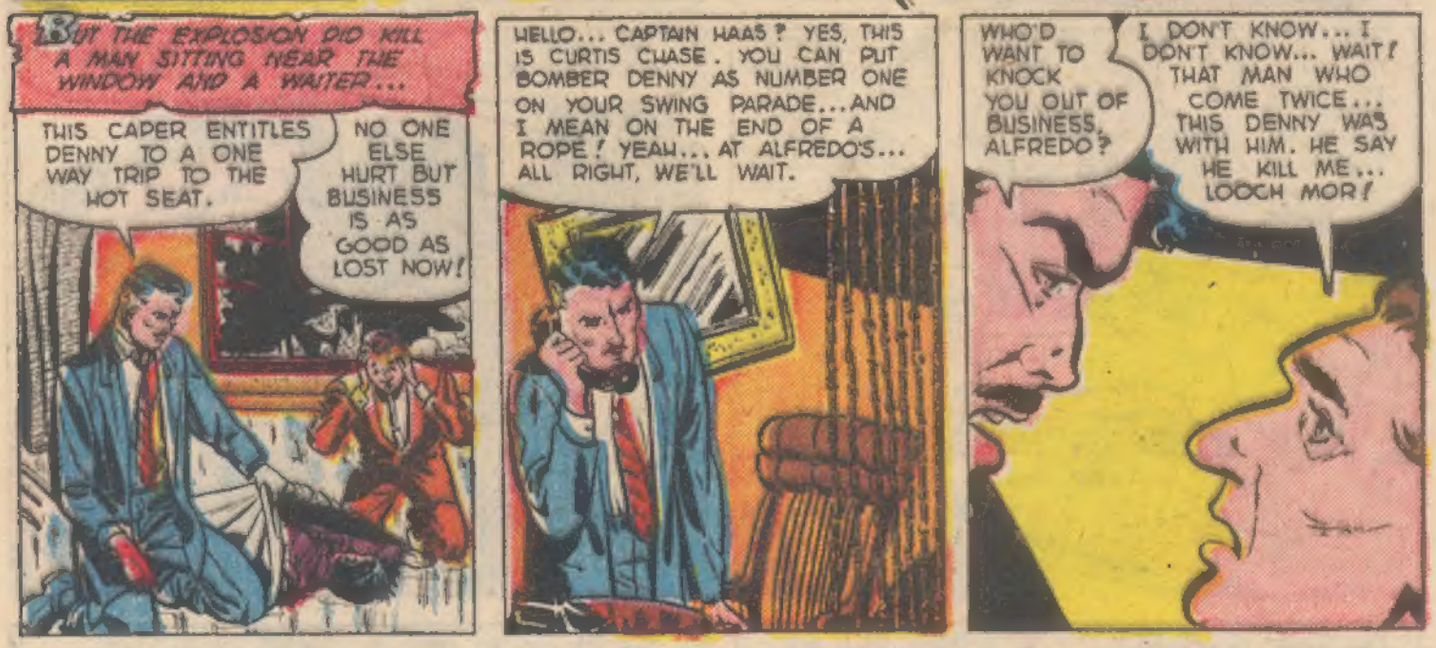
SAY, ALFREDO, ISN'T THAT BOMBER DENNY OVER THERE?
WHAT! HIM AGAIN?

GET GOIN', BUM! AN' DON'T COME BACK... EVER!
WHA...

AN' TAKE ALL YOUR JUNK!
DON'T TOUCH THAT BOX, AL!
TICK-TOCK

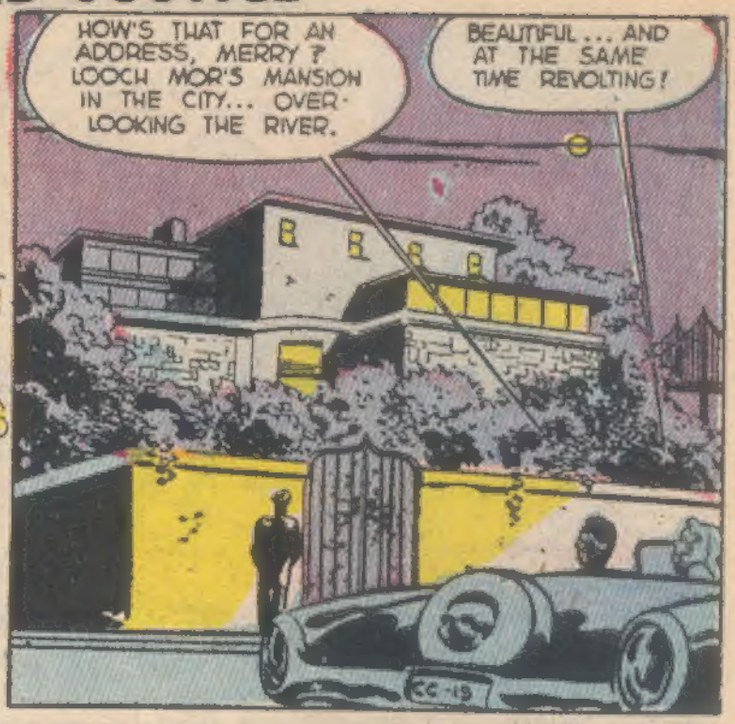
CRIME AND JUSTICE

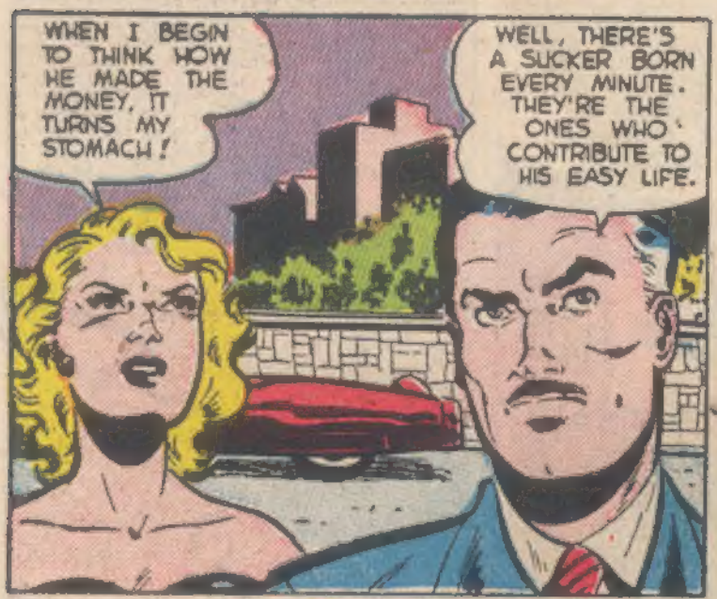
TICK - TOCK TICK - TOCK - TICK - TOCK -
WHOOM
CURT! OH, CURT! I THOUGHT YOU WERE...
DEAD? HONEY, YOU SHOULD KNOW HOW RUGGED YOUR HUSBAND IS BY NOW!


BUT THE EXPLOSION DID KILL A MAN SITTING NEAR THE WINDOW AND A WAITER...
THIS CAPER ENTITLES DENNY TO A ONE WAY TRIP TO THE HOT SEAT.
NO ONE ELSE HURT BUT BUSINESS IS AS GOOD AS LOST NOW!
HELLO... CAPTAIN HAAS? YES, THIS IS CURTIS CHASE. YOU CAN PUT BOMBER DENNY AS NUMBER ONE ON YOUR SWING PARADE... AND I MEAN ON THE END OF A ROPE! YEAH... AT ALFREDO'S... ALL RIGHT, WE'LL WAIT.
WHO'D WANT TO KNOCK YOU OUT OF BUSINESS, ALFREDO?
I DON'T KNOW... I DON'T KNOW... WAIT! THAT MAN WHO COME TWICE... THIS DENNY WAS WITH HIM. HE SAY HE KILL ME... LOOCH MOR!

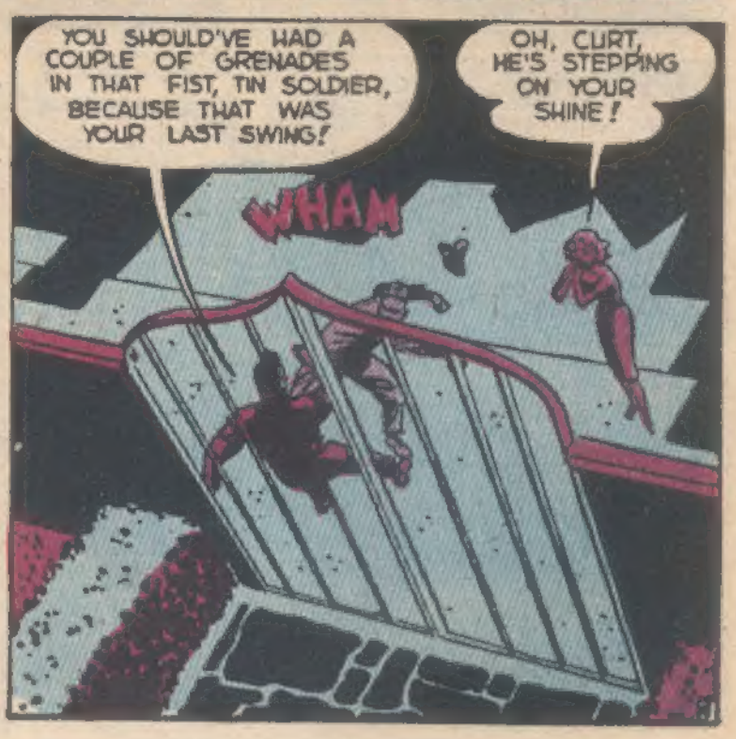
LOOCH MOR? LOOCH IS TOP RACKET MAN IN THIS CITY. WHAT WOULD HE WANT WITH THIS RAVIOLI ROOM?
IT DOESN'T ADD UP NOW, CURT, BUT IT MUST BE SOMETHING BIG!
I DON'T WANT INNOCENT BYSTANDERS HURT... I... I'M SELLING. I CALL THIS LOOCH NOW.
CALL, NOTHING! SIT TIGHT UNTIL TOMORROW, ALFREDO. WHEN CAPTAIN HAAS ARRIVES TELL HIM WE WENT TO VISIT LOOCH MOR. LET'S GO, MERRY.
I KNEW IT! NEVER A MOMENT'S REST FOR THE CHASES.. AND THERE GOES MY LOBSTER DINNER!

CRIME AND JUSTICE

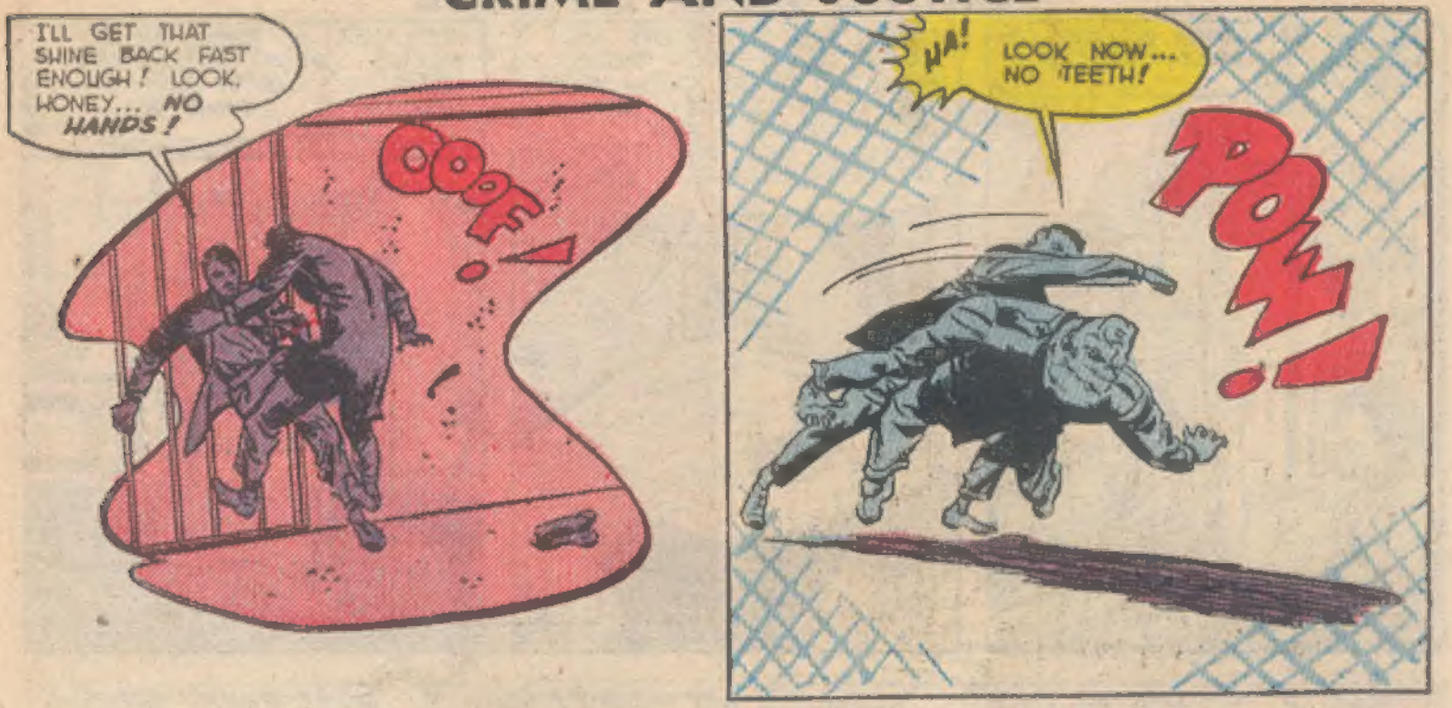

HOW'S THAT FOR AN ADDRESS, MERRY? LOOCH MOR'S MANSION IN THE CITY... OVERLOOKING THE RIVER.
BEAUTIFUL... AND AT THE SAME TIME REVOLTING!


WHEN I BEGIN TO THINK HOW HE MADE THE MONEY, IT TURNS MY STOMACH!
WELL, THERE'S A SUCKER BORN EVERY MINUTE. THEY'RE THE ONES WHO CONTRIBUTE TO HIS EASY LIFE.

I'LL CLUE YOU, BUDDY. I'VE GOT TEN INVITATIONS... FIVE ON EACH HAND... AND WE'RE GOING IN!
BETTER CALL AN AMBULANCE, LADY, WHILE I CHANGE YOUR BOY FRIEND'S MIND!


YOU SHOULD'VE HAD A COUPLE OF GRENADES IN THAT FIST, TIN SOLDIER, BECAUSE THAT WAS YOUR LAST SWING!
OH, CURT, HE'S STEPPING ON YOUR SHINE!
WHAM

CRIME AND JUSTICE



WELL, IF IT ISN'T DICK GIORD! WHEN DID THEY LET YOU OUT OF THE COZY HOUSE?
LISTEN, CHASE. BECAUSE OF YOU I WAS SENT UP ONCE. I DON'T WANT NO TROUBLE. I'LL CALL LOOCH.

LOOCH'S PERSONAL RECEPTION COMMITTE TOOK NO TIME GETTING DOWN...
ANOTHER SING SING SAP! HOW'VE YOU BEEN, BIG T?
AWRIGHT, CHASE. CUT THE COMEDY AN' STEP INTO THE ELEVATOR.

WHY THE HIDDEN GUN ACT, BIG T? WE'RE GOING UP PEACEABLY!
HE DOESN'T FEEL HE'S EARNING HIS KEEP UNLESS HE'S RENDERING SOME DISSERVICE!
MOVE! AN' SHUT UP!

AS THE ELEVATOR DOOR SHUT, CURTIS WENT INTO ACTION...
I DON'T CARE FOR HEATERS WARMING MY RIBS... AND WE DON'T NEED ROD PACKING OPERATORS IN A SELF SERVICE ELEVATOR!
FLOW
KA-BAM

CRIME AND JUSTICE

TCH, TCH NO HOS-PITALITY!
HERE WE ARE, MERRY. BUT FIRST...
I TAKE THIS BUTTON OFF AND JAM IT IN THE DOOR GUIDE NOW THAT WE'RE OUT... WHEN THEY COME TO, THEY CAN HARMONIZE ON A FEW CHORUSES OF "OPEN THE DOOR, LOOCHIE."
THIS MUST BE THE INNER SANCTUM!
FUNNY THERE'S NO ONE AROUND! LET'S JUST WALK RIGHT IN!
WELCOME, MR. CHASE. WHAT CAN I DO FOR THE BOY WONDER OF THIS FAIR LAND?
ART PEIVIE! NOW IT ALL FITS! WHY YOU WANTED ALFREDO'S PLACE... WHY YOU HAD...
QUIET, PUNK! SEEMS TO ME YOU'RE TOO SMART... MUCH TOO SMART, CHASE! WE COULD'VE SETTLED THIS REAL FRIENDLY LIKE...
I DON'T QUITE UNDER-STAND IT, CURTIS.
ART PEIVIE DID SEVEN YEARS FOR A BANK JOB AND JUST GOT OUT. THE $500,000 WAS NEVER FOUND. ART HUNG OUT AT A NIGHT CLUB THAT IS NOW ALFREDO'S PLACE. THAT MONEY WAS HIDDEN THERE... AND THEY WANT IT NOW!
SOLVED... LIKE A TYPICAL GRADE B THRILLER! BUT I'VE GOT SOMETHING MORE EXCITING FOR YOU, CHASE!
BOMBER PENNY!
YEAH... HE'S GOING TO TAKE YOU BOTH FOR A SKY-HIGH RIDE! HEH! HEH! IN THE MEANTIME, ROLLO, SEE WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT GENIUS OF MINE, BIG T!

CRIME AND JUSTICE

AW, BOSS, DO I HAFTA ? HE'S PROBABLY GETTIN' A SODA ! LEMME LISSEN TA THIS DISC JOCKEY, ED CLOCKS... HE ALWAYS HAS INNERESTIN' QUESTIONS!
MERRY, WHEN I JUMP, GET OUT OF THE WAY. I'M GOING TO TRY SOMETHING CRAZY !
WHY YOU DIRTY DOUBLE-CROSSER ! AFTER ALL THE DOUGH I'VE PAID YOU...
ROLLO! ART! GRAB THAT PUNK ! YOU... CHASE... EASE OFF ! NOW, WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT ?
I'VE BEEN PAYING THAT GUY FOR INSIDE INFORMATION FOR A LONG TIME ! JUST TONIGHT I GAVE HIM THREE BRAND NEW HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS...
SEARCH HIM, BOYS !
IT'S A FRAME, MOR ! DON'T BELIEVE HIM !
WELL... BOMBER ! THREE BRAND NEW 'C' NOTES, NEATLY FOLDED !
DUCK, BOMBER ! PEIMIE'S PULLING A ROD ON YOU !
HUH ?
UH YEAH !
NOBODY'S DRILLIN' ME...
BLAM BLAM BLAM

CRIME AND JUSTICE

YOU LOUSED EVERYTHING UP NOW, CHASE! I DISLIKE VIOLENCE, BUT YOU HAVE GOT TO GO!
I'M NO GRABBLE BUT HOW'S THIS FOR LEG ART?
HONEY, THAT'S THE FIRST TIME A PAIR OF PINS SAVED MY LIFE!
AS USUAL, THE CHASES HAVE LANDED! GOOD JOB, MERRY AND CURTIS. WE ROUNDED UP EVERYBODY DOWNSTAIRS AND UNCAGED THE TWO CREEPS IN THE ELEVATOR.
CAPTAIN HAAS, I'M JUST WONDERING ABOUT THIS HUBBY OF MINE WHEN HE LOOKS AT OTHER WOMEN! ONLY X-RAY EYES COULD HAVE DETECTED THREE NEW, NEATLY FOLDED HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS IN A MAN'S POCKET!
PLEASE, MERRY, DON'T LET THAT IMAGINATION OF YOURS RUN WILD. WHEN I JUMPED DENNY I SLIPPED THOSE THREE BILLS INTO HIS POCKET TO PROVIDE A LITTLE DIVERSION!
ALL RIGHT, CHASE. ANOTHER GOLD STAR FOR YOU! NOW WHY DON'T YOU AND YOUR WIFE GO HOME TO SLEEP?
SLEEP, NOTHING! HE OWES ME A LOBSTER DINNER!

THE "TROUBLE SHIFT", FROM TWELVE MIDNIGHT TO EIGHT A.M. EVERY COP HAS TO WORK IT WHEN HIS TURN COMES UP, AND THAT APPLIED TO TEX AND BARRY OUT ON THE HIGHWAYS AS WELL AS TO THEIR BROTHER OFFICERS IN THE CITY. IT WAS ON A CHILLY, WET NIGHT IN EARLY SUMMER THAT THE BOYS STARTED THE SHIFT... AND GOT THEIR FIRST LOOK AT THE...

"MARK OF THE MONSTER"

RADIO PATROL

GOSH, BARRY! I JUST GOT A GLIMPSE AT THE KILLER... WHAT WAS IT A MAN OR BEAST?

DON'T KNOW, TEX! IT MOVED TOO FAST FOR ME!!! LET'S DO SOMETHING, QUICK!

POLICE

CRIME AND JUSTICE

ALL SET FOR A COUPLE OF WEEKS ON THE SWING SHIFT?
I GUESS WE'RE AS SET AS WE'LL EVER BE, SIR ANYTHING SPECIAL GOING ON TONIGHT?
THERE IS MATTER OF FACT IT LOOKS LIKE A BUSY NIGHT FOR YOUR PATROL THE SHERIFF OUT IN ROCKVILLE CENTER WAS MURDERED TONIGHT! JUST GOT THE REPORT WE'LL HAVE TO GET SOME LAW OUT THERE... FAST!
HOW D T HAPPEN, CAPTAIN?
I DON'T KNOW, BARRY. THE SHERIFF ONLY HAD ONE DEPUTY OUT THERE, WHO HAS BEEN DOWN WITH INFLUENZA FOR A WEEK THEY FOUND THE SHERIFF'S BODY BADLY MUTILATED, THEY SAID, ABOUT AN HOUR AGO THAT'S ABOUT ALL WE KNOW YET
WHO'S "THEY"?
DARNED IF I KNOW! SOUNDED LIKE TWO OR THREE PEOPLE TRYING TO TALK OVER THE PHONE AT ONCE... AND THEY WERE SO EXCITED THEY BROKE THE CONNECTION BEFORE I COULD IDENTIFY THEM!
WELL, GOODBY HIGHWAY... HERE'S WHERE WE CATCH IT!
HOLY MACKEREL! THAT ROAD LOOKS MORE LIKE A RIVER!
WHY ARE COPS ALWAYS BUSIEST ON NIGHTS LIKE THESE?
YOU TELL ME! AND THAT AREA AROUND ROCKVILLE CENTER IS REALLY BACKWOODS. THOSE DIRT ROADS WILL SURE BE A MESS TONIGHT!
POLICE

THEY DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING IN POLICE SCHOOL ABOUT THESE HEAPS BEING ABLE TO FLOAT, TEX, BUT SO FAR YOU'RE DOING FINE...
IF THIS WATER JUST DOESN'T CUT OUT THE IGNITION...
WE SHOULD BE NEARLY TO ROCKVILLE CENTER, BARRY...
WHO... WHAT'S THAT UP AHEAD... THERE! JUMPING OFF THE ROAD!
I SAW IT TOO... LOOKED LIKE A LARGE ANIMAL OF SOME SORT. BUT THIS FOOTPRINT IT LEFT COULD ONLY HAVE BEEN MADE BY A NAKED HUMAN FOOT... RIGHT FOOT! LET'S GO AFTER HIM, TEX!
DARNED RIGHT I'M RIGHT! COME ON... LET'S GET DOWN THERE TO ROCKVILLE CENTER. IT'S BEEN NEARLY THREE HOURS SINCE THEIR SHERIFF WAS KILLED!
WAIT A MINUTE, BOY! YOU HEARD WHAT THE CAPTAIN SAID... ROCKVILLE CENTER'S WITHOUT A SHERIFF AND THERE'S A MURDERER LOOSE... WE'VE GOT NO TIME TO LOOK FOR NUTS THAT CHASE AROUND BAREFOOT ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS...!
YOU'RE RIGHT, OF COURSE, BUT...
HERE WE ARE. PLACE IS DESERTED...
THERE ARE LIGHTS IN THE STORE. PULL UP IN FRONT AND WE'LL SEE WHAT WE CAN FIND OUT.
ROCKVILLE CENTER POP. 700
POL
POLICE
3

A MOMENT LATER...
WHERE'S THE MURDERED SHERIFF? DID ONE OF YOU MEN CALL THE RADIO PATROL BARRACKS A COUPLE OF HOURS AGO?
WHAT'S LEFT OF THE SHERIFF IS UNDER THAT BLANKET, YOUNG FELLER...
I CALLED YOU, OFFICER, I'M SAM EDMOND, OWNER OF THIS STORE. YOU TOOK YOUR TIME GETTING HERE, DIDN'T YOU?
YOU BEEN OUTSIDE LATELY, MISTER? IT'S RAINED A LITTLE... WE GOT HERE AS FAST AS WE COULD ROW THE CAR UP YOUR MAIN STREET.' WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS BUSINESS?
NOT VERY MUCH. STUMBLED OVER THE BODY ABOUT ELEVEN OR SO HE WAS IN THE ALLEY BETWEEN THIS BUILDING AND THE BANK NEXT DOOR. I WORKED LATE ARRANGING STOCK IN HERE, AND WAS ON MY WAY HOME.
BROTHER! WHOEVER DID THIS REALLY WORKED HIM OVER...WITH A LONG, SHARP KNIFE... MAYBE A BUTCHER KNIFE.
GRUDGE KILLING?
FROM THE WAY THE BODY IS CUT UP, I THINK IT PROBABLY WAS EDMOND, WHO, THAT THE SHERIFF SENT UP, HAS BEEN RELEASED FROM JAIL OR PRISON LATELY?
I THINK I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN, BUT SO FAR AS I KNOW THE ONLY PERSON IN THIS TOWN TO GO TO JAIL IS THAT DRUNKEN JEFF PEABODY... HE'S IN EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT AND OUT SUNDAY MORNING IN TIME FOR THE OLD LADY TO CARRY HIM OFF TO CHURCH...

SHERIFF TATE NEVER DID PUT ANYONE IN PRISON, AND I DON'T KNOW OF...
TEX! BEHIND YOU... AT THE WINDOW!
HALT, YOU..!
BLAM
MOST HORRIBLE LOOKING FACE I'VE EVER SEEN... IN OR OUT OF THE MOVIES... AND HE HAD A KNIFE, TEX! A LONG KNIFE!
I SAW HIM TOO, YOUNG FELLER! NEVER SAW HIM AROUND HERE BEFORE, THOUGH...
NEVER HAD A MURDER HERE BEFORE EITHER, DID YOU? COME ON, BARRY, HE MUST HAVE GONE UP THE ALLEY...
I DON'T SEE HIM ANYWHERE... RAIN HAS ALMOST STOPPED, THOUGH, AND...
TEX! WHAT'S THAT... OVER THERE- BEHIND THAT BARREL!
KILLED NOT OVER HALF HOUR AGO, BLOOD STILL RUNNING! AND THE MARK OF THE SAME MONSTER THAT KILLED THE SHERIFF... PRACTICALLY BUTCHERED TO SHREADS!
LOOK AT THIS FOOT-PRINT, TEX...
YOU WERE RIGHT BACK THERE ON THE ROAD AFTER ALL, BARRY! WE SHOULD HAVE HUNTED DOWN THE MAN THAT LEFT THAT BARE FOOTPRINT... JUST LIKE THIS BARE FOOTPRINT...!
5

I'LL RADIO IN A REPORT, TEX...
OKAY! I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN FIND HERE. BRING THAT MACHINE GUN BACK WITH YOU, BARRY!
WHAT THE DEVIL..!
I SAW HIM... DO IT OFFICER! A... THING, A... MAN, I GUESS... ALL HUNCHED OVER WITH LONG HAIR! HE RIPPED OUT YOUR RADIO, AND THEN RAN UP THAT ALLEY ACROSS THE STREET BESIDE THE MOVIE THEATER, JUST THIS MINUTE..!
SO HE CAME THIS WAY INSTEAD. WELL HE MISSED ONE BET WHEN HE LEFT ME THAT MACHINE GUN!
YOU GO OVER TO THE STORE AND WAIT FOR ME WITH MR EDMOND, LADY. I'LL BE BACK SOON AS I FEED SOME LEAD TO A KILLER WITH THIS CHATTER GUN...
Eeyup!
THAT ALLEY MOUTH IS AS GOOD AS A TRENCH... DON'T KNOW IF HE HAS A GUN OR NOT! WELL, I'LL TREAT IT LIKE A TRENCH... FIRST WE SPRAY SOME COPPER-JACKETED TROUBLE AROUND...
BLAM-T!
BLAM-T-T-T-T!
THAT SHOULD HAVE MOVED HIM BACK FROM THE ENTRANCE... NOW WE MOVE IN... LOW AND FAST!

IT'S A BLIND ALLEY! HE'S GOT TO BE IN HERE... BUT WHERE...?
UGH!
THUD
AAARR-R-GH!
BLAM!
GHA-A-A-A!
A SHORT TIME LATER...
I'VE FINALLY FOUND YOU, OFFICER! I'VE ALREADY TOLD MR. EDMOND. MY STEP-FATHER WENT BESERK THREE YEARS AGO. I DIDN'T WANT PEOPLE TO KNOW SO I KEPT HIM IN A ROOM IN THE BASEMENT OF OUR FARMHOUSE. HE ESCAPED LAST EVENING AND TOOK ALL THE BUTCHER KNIVES IN THE HOUSE WITH HIM, AND...
WE KNOW THE REST, MAM.
YOU'LL HAVE TO COME WITH US, MAM. EDMOND, I'M MAKING YOU A DEPUTY AND HOLDING YOU RESPONSIBLE FOR THE LAW IN ROCKVILLE CENTER UNTIL YOUR REGULAR DEPUTY IS BACK ON THE JOB. COME ON, BARRY, WE NEVER DID GET A REPORT IN, AND THE CAPTAIN WILL BE HAVING FITS!
THE END

DEAD JUSTICE

Jerry Mahoney was a rather pleasant-looking young man. His eyes were a deep blue, his hair blond, and his six feet of flesh made you feel you were talking to a real man. People would always remark about Jerry, "he has an honest face." They say looks are often deceiving and this was the case. He was a spoiled, selfish, cruel man who could only think about himself.

Just now he was in the office of Willie the Spotter who claimed he knew how to pick the winning horses on any track. Jerry wasn't in a very contented mood. "The horse you said would win last week, lost. I bet every cent I had on that nag. I got a load of debts to pay. Can you lend me a thousand dollars until next month? I have some investments due and then I'll be able to repay you."

Willie the Spotter, with his weasel-type face didn't even smile when he answered. "I got you on my books already for three grand. In my line of work you can't extend credit beyond that."

"But you know I'll be worth more than a million dollars when that old uncle of mine dies. He can't change his will because that was the way my aunt made the will before she died. Everything goes to me when old John Albertson decides to die."

It was on the tip of Willie's tongue to give a bit of advice and suggest that Jerry help his uncle get into the next world. But his common sense told him not to say it. So instead he merely remarked.

"Seems your uncle will probably live to be a hundred. He hasn't got a worry in the world except you."

"You don't have to get sarcastic," shot back Jerry as his eyes began to narrow. "We can't all live forever in this world and that also goes for you."

Willie the Spotter wasn't born dumb. He got the significance of the crack but decided to ignore it. After all, when the uncle did die, Jerry would be around to spend the cash. "Go over to Joe's place," he suggested. "You can try your luck on the wheels and perhaps pick up a few thousand dollars."

Jerry parked his car outside a country tavern which had a large neon sign that informed the public, "Joe's Place For The Food You Want." Then he walked inside the place and entered the check room. He closed the door and hung his coat on the first hanger. Then he moved the second hanger and a section of the wall opened. He walked through into a large gambling room.

Tony Varento, big husky bouncer greeted him. "Hello Mr. Mahoney. Before you do any playing, the boss wants to see you. He's in his private office." Jerry figured that Willie had probably phoned Joe and warned him.

A middle-aged man with jet black hair that was evidently dyed glanced up from his desk. "Take a seat, Jerry," he ordered. "I got a couple of things I want to discuss with you." So Jerry seated himself and came right to the point. "What's on your mind? Worried about the money I owe you?"

Joe shook his head in the affirmative. "I have a stack of your I.O.U.'s. No more playing until you start paying up some of those back debts."

"You know all I get is a miserable hundred dollars a week from my Aunt's trust fund," said Jerry.

Joe could be blunt. "Why don't you help your uncle to get into the next world. A little shove off a rock might do the trick."

Jerry didn't bat a facial muscle. "Are you suggesting that I murder my uncle?" He looked at the gambler steadily for a few minutes and continued speaking. "What a fool I

would be to do such a thing. The rest of my life you would blackmail me." He started for the door and heard Joe say. "If you killed your uncle so no person could prove it, neither the law nor myself could do any beefing."

As Jerry's foot stepped on the starter of his car he could hear himself say half-aloud, "I bet I could figure out how to kill that old skinflint of an uncle so it would look like an accident or even suicide. The simpler the plan I figure out the less chance the law has of getting me. And the stakes are high. A million dollars that ought to be mine."

There was an armed truce in the Mahoney household. Uncle John Albertson had married Sarah Mahoney years ago. She had plenty of money. However there was a million dollars in a trust fund which eventually would go to Jerry. But as long as John Albertson lived, he could enjoy the income from that money. John Albertson lived in the other and they mansion and Jerry lived in the other and they rarely met. Only when the nephew wanted money.

The uncle was seated in a rocking chair near the window. Jerry was standing at the side of the chair. "You look very well, uncle," he began. It's nice and warm outside. Let me take you for a drive."

Uncle Albertson said nothing as his nephew left the room. He arose from his chair and went to a small table. He wrote a note and placed it in an envelope. Then he called his housekeeper and told her to mail it at once.

Jerry walked through the large trophy room of the Mahoney mansion. It was filled with loving cups, mounted animal heads, rifles and guns. He took a .38 caliber from the wall. He broke open the gun and placed six bullets in the chambers. Then he closed the gun and placed it in his hip pocket. "This is going to be easier than I thought," he said to himself.

Jerry helped his uncle into the car. "You sit right next to me," he said. "And we'll take a long ride into the country. Close your eyes and sleep." Then he fixed a large brown blanket around his uncle's legs.

John Albertson closed his eyes and they remained shut. Not once did he open them. Jerry drove drown the turnpike into highway 23, then into highway 17 and began to climb up Darson's Hill. He stopped the car and walked out on his side. The he quietly opened the door of the car on his uncle's side. He took the revolver from his pocket, placed the muzzle against his uncle's head, and pulled the trigger once.

Jerry found he had to force his uncle's fingers apart to get the gun into the right hand. Then he closed the fingers and placed one on the trigger. The revolver was on John Albertson's lap with the muzzle pointed downward.

"This was a perfect crime," he told himself. "Uncle was tired and ill. It was his gun. We went on a trip. He shot himself. There will be powder marks on the skin to prove it was at close range. I will say that I didn't want to disturb the body until I brought it to a hospital or police station. And my uncle's fingerprints will be on the gun. Nothing went wrong. Nothing can go wrong."

For two hours Jerry continued driving back to the city with a corpse next to him. At Hamilton's Crossing he ran over a pipe in the road. The car was jarred a bit and there was a shot from the revolver in John Albertson's hand. "I'm shot . . . in the heart," moaned Jerry as his hand went for the brake. He made it and then slumped over the wheel dead!

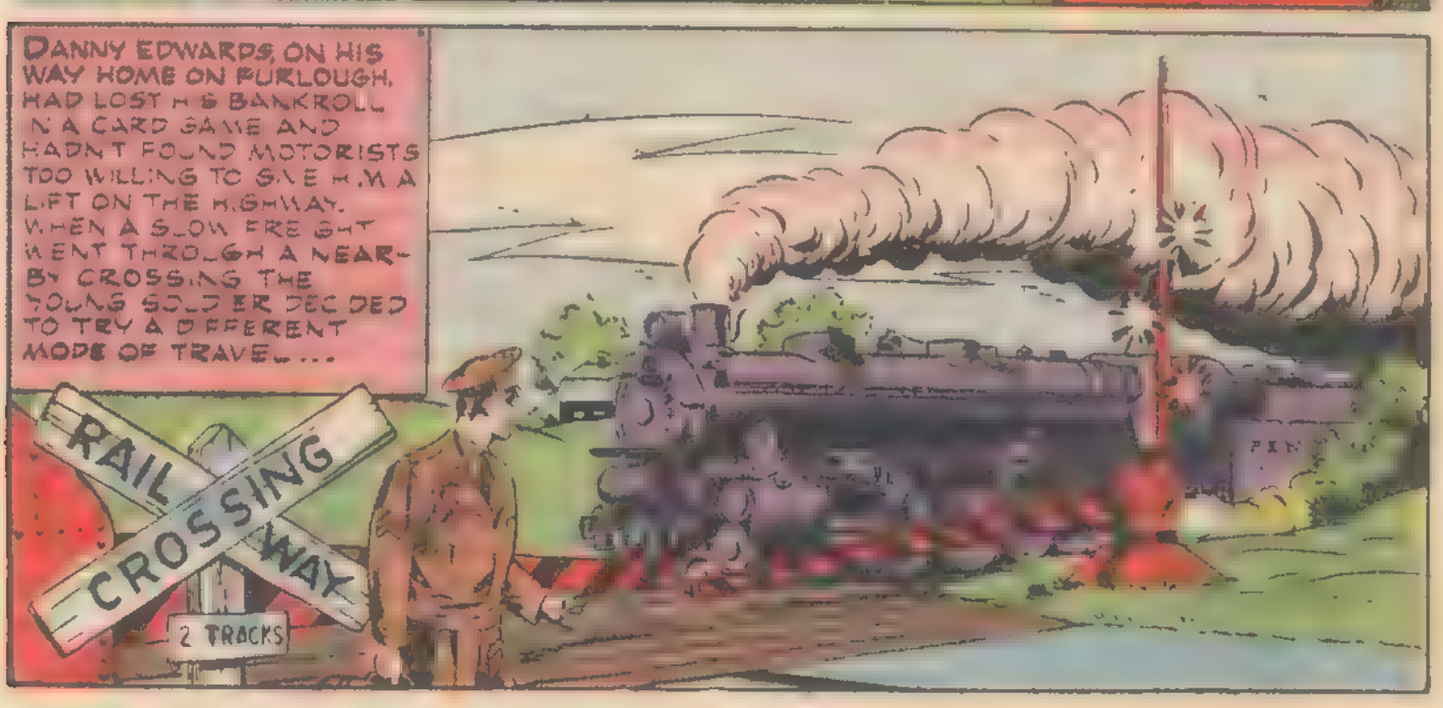
Sheriff Al Boylon was impatient. "Come on, Doc. We've been on this case three days. What's the verdict? You read the letter the uncle mailed to the police. Said he thought his nephew wanted to kill him. And Albertson's doctor said he was suffering from a weak heart."

Dr. Guy Walters adjusted his glasses and then spoke. "I guess you can call this a case of Dead Justice. John Albertson must have died as soon as he sat in the car. Figure three hours for the trip. Then his nephew shot him and placed the gun in his hand. It took two more hours till they hit the pipe in the road. That must have jolted the car. Hence the muzzle of the gun shifted towards the nephew's heart. Rigor mortis set in and the finger tightened around the trigger and bang! went the gun."

"Guess you're right," admitted the sheriff. "But if Jerry Mahoney could only have waited a few hours at home, his uncle would have died peacefully and he would have inherited all that dough. What fools we mortals be!"

THE END

RUN, KILLER, RUN
HALT, YOU! ...OR I'LL SHOOT TO KILL!
LET HIM HAVE IT, EDDIE!
SERVICE
HE...SHOT ME...OFFICER! THAT'S HIM... RUNNING!
STOP


DANNY EDWARDS, ON HIS WAY HOME ON FURLOUGH, HAD LOST HIS BANKROLL IN A CARD GAME AND HADN'T FOUND MOTORISTS TOO WILLING TO GIVE HIM A LIFT ON THE HIGHWAY. WHEN A SLOW FREIGHT WENT THROUGH A NEARBY CROSSING THE YOUNG SOLDIER DECIDED TO TRY A DIFFERENT MODE OF TRAVEL...
RAIL
CROSSING
WAY
2 TRACKS

CRIME AND JUSTICE

HERE, BOY, I'LL GIVE YOU A HAND. HEY, PETE, WE GOT COMPANY!
WHEW! THIS BABY LOOKED LIKE SHE WAS GOIN' SLOWER THAN SHE WAS! THANKS FOR THE LIFT...
WHEN YOU'VE RIDDEN MORE OF 'EM YOU'LL LEARN TO GET 'EM IN THE YARDS WHILE THEY'RE STANDIN' STILL... HUH, LUCKY?
YEAH THAT'S RIGHT.
HOW COME YOU'RE HOPPIN FREIGHTS? DON'T YOU SERVICE GUYS USUALLY STICK TO HITCH-HIKIN'?
YEAH. MOSTLY. BUT THEY DON'T PICK UP UNIFORMS ANY MORE LIKE THEY USED TO... DURING THE WAR.
SAY, GIVE ME ONE 'A THEM SMOKES HUH?
SURE. HERE...
CIGARETTE, FELLA?
YEAH. THANKS, SOLDIER.
NICE GOIN, LUCKY! THIS BIRD'S ON FURLOUGH AND HE'S BOUND TO BE LOADED! GET HIS WALLET!

CRIME AND JUSTICE

CRIPES! THIS GUY IS AS CLEAN AS A PICKED TURKEY! NOT A DOLLAR IN HERE!
MAYBE HIS POKE'S IN THAT LITTLE BAG OF HIS.
HE'S COMIN' TO PETE. SHALL I GIVE HIM THE HEAVE-HO?
YEAH... WE DON'T NEED HIM!
HEY! WHAT THE ... THAT'S A MAN THEM GUYS ARE THROWIN' OUTA THERE!
A LITTLE LATER...
WHAT'S UP, SON?
TWO GUYS THREW A SOLDIER OUT OF A FREIGHT TRAIN BOX-CAR BACK UP A COUPLE OF MILES. HE'S DEAD ... I THINK...
POLICE
BETTER RADIO IN, ED. THAT FREIGHT WILL GO THROUGH LARABEE SOON. MAYBE THE CITY POLICE CAN PICK 'EM UP. AND HAVE THEM SEND OUT THE WAGON FOR THIS GUY...
TAKE A SQUAD AND GO DOWN TO THE FREIGHT YARDS, MORRIS. STOP EVERYTHING COMING THROUGH AND SHAKE IT FOR DRIFTERS... WE'RE GONNA WANT TWO OF 'EM FOR MURDER!
A PHONE CALL TO THE LOCAL POLICE IN THE TOWN OF LARABEE, FROM THE STATE POLICE RADIO ROOM, BRINGS IMMEDIATE ACTION...

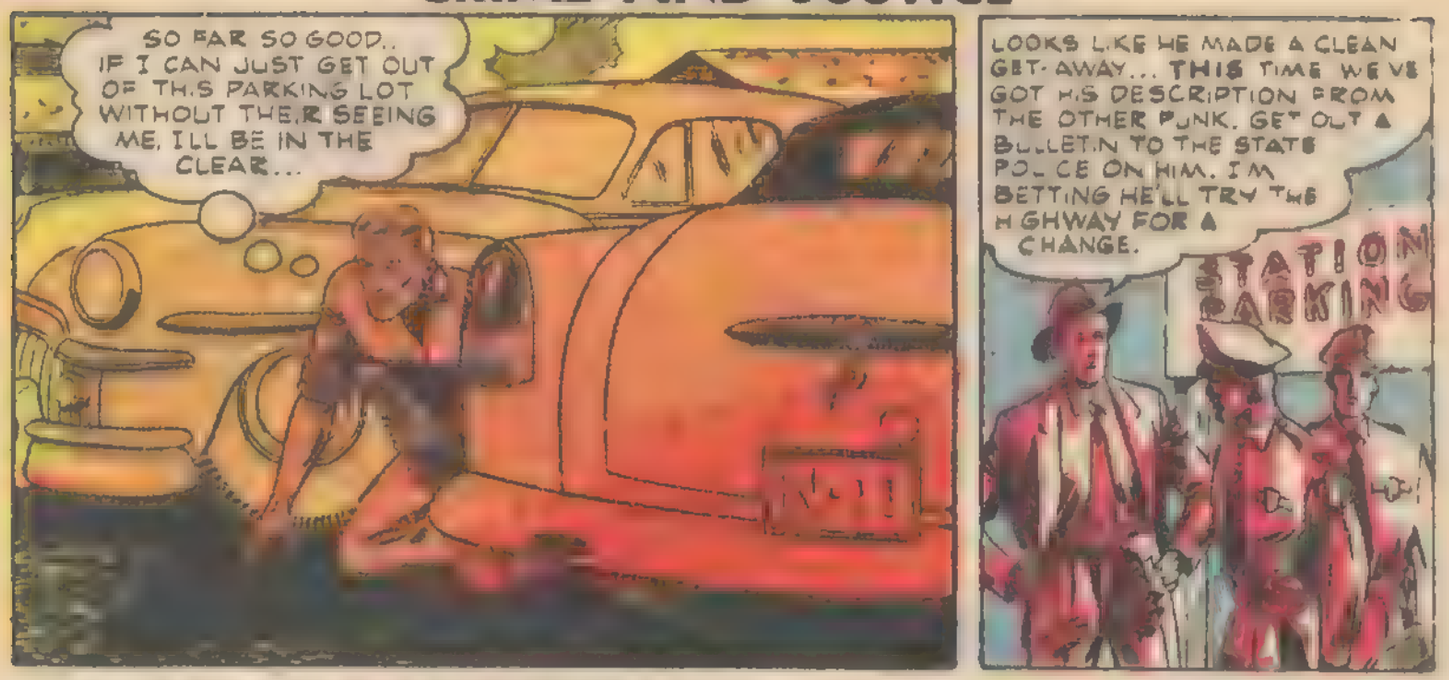
CRIME AND JUSTICE

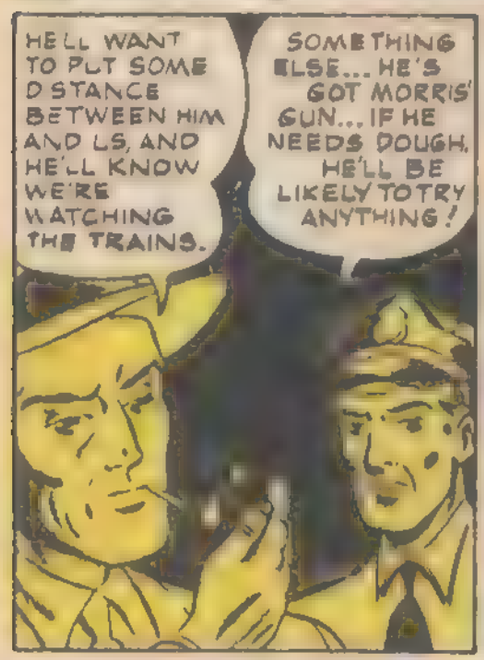
WE'RE STOPPIN'...
HEY... WHAT'S THEM COPS DOIN' STANDIN' AROUND DOWN HERE AT THE YARDS? YOU DON'T SUPPOSE...
I DON'T SUPPOSE NOTHIN'... BUT I AIN'T TAKIN' NO CHANCES COME ON... HELP ME GET THIS DOOR ON THE OTHER SIDE OPEN...
I DON'T SEE ANY COPS ON THIS SIDE OF THE TRAIN...
MAYBE THEY'RE LOOKIN' FOR US AND MAYBE NOT. ANYWAY, COPS SPELL TROUBLE... WHATEVER THEY'RE DOIN'! LET'S GO!
THERE'S TWO OF 'EM... I'LL BET THOSE ARE OUR BOYS!
HOLD IT, YOU TWO... YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!
IT'S THEM, ALL RIGHT!
OOOH! I'M HIT, LUCKY! HELP ME!
YOU GOT ONE OF 'EM!

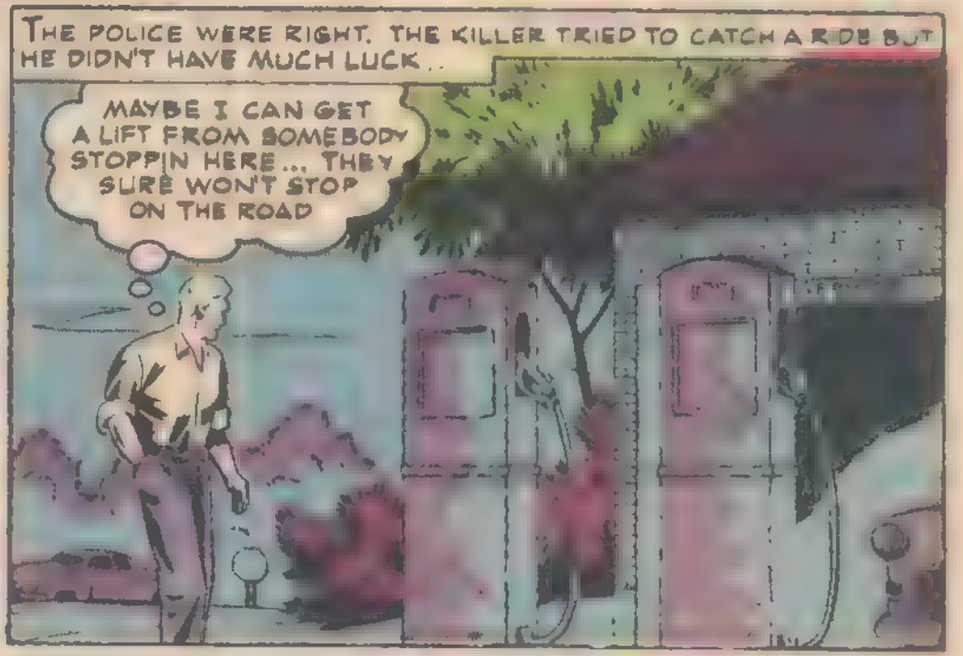
CRIME AND JUSTICE

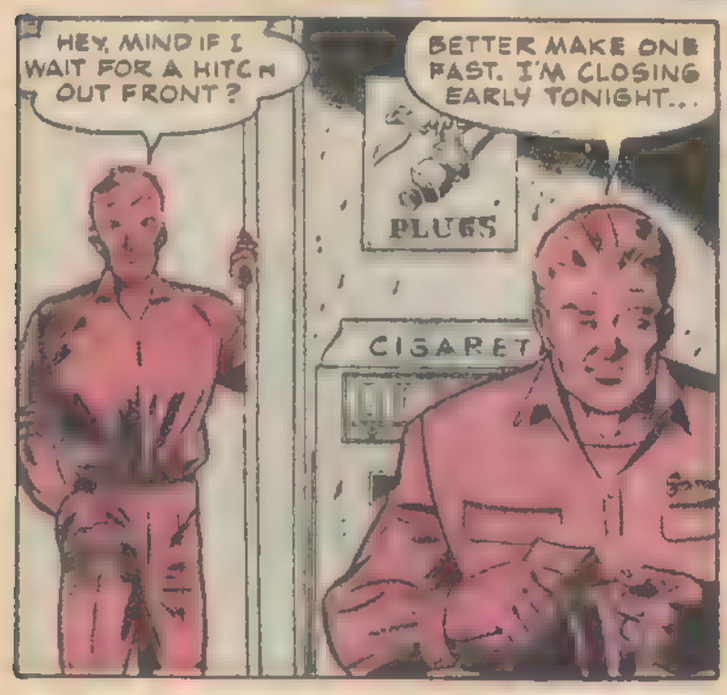
I'LL GO AFTER THE OTHER ONE. YOU STAY WITH THIS ONE.
I'M DYIN'...
SHUT UP, YOU RAT. THE DOCTOR WILL BE HERE IN A FEW MINUTES. YOU'RE GETTING A BETTER DEAL THAN THAT SOLDIER.
LISTEN...I DIDN'T HAVE NOTHIN' TO DO WITH IT! LUCKY SOCKED HIM FOR HIS DOUGH...AND THREW HIM OFF THE TRAIN. ONLY HE DIDN'T HAVE NO DOUGH AFTER ALL...
MEANWHILE, LUCKY HAS GIVEN SERGEANT MORRIS THE SLIP... FOR THE MOMENT.
NOW WHERE COULD HE HAVE GONE? I WAS RIGHT BEHIND THE GUY...
WELL, HE CAN'T HAVE GONE VERY FAR. SOME OF THE BOYS'LL BE ALONG IN A MINUTE, AND WE'LL GO OVER THE YARDS WITH A FINE TOOTH COMB...
HEY! WHAT IN...!
I BETTER GET GOIN'! HIS PALS WILL BE SWARMIN' LIKE FLIES AROUND HERE IN A MINUTE OR TWO...

CRIME AND JUSTICE


SO FAR SO GOOD.. IF I CAN JUST GET OUT OF THIS PARKING LOT WITHOUT THEIR SEEING ME, I'LL BE IN THE CLEAR...
LOOKS LIKE HE MADE A CLEAN GET-AWAY... THIS TIME WE'VE GOT HIS DESCRIPTION FROM THE OTHER PUNK. GET OUT A BULLETIN TO THE STATE POLICE ON HIM. I'M BETTING HE'LL TRY THE HIGHWAY FOR A CHANGE.
STATION PARKING


HE'LL WANT TO PUT SOME DISTANCE BETWEEN HIM AND US, AND HE'LL KNOW WE'RE WATCHING THE TRAINS.
SOMETHING ELSE... HE'S GOT MORRIS' GUN... IF HE NEEDS DOUGH, HE'LL BE LIKELY TO TRY ANYTHING!


THE POLICE WERE RIGHT. THE KILLER TRIED TO CATCH A RIDE BUT HE DIDN'T HAVE MUCH LUCK..
MAYBE I CAN GET A LIFT FROM SOMEBODY STOPPIN HERE... THEY SURE WON'T STOP ON THE ROAD



CRIME AND JUSTICE

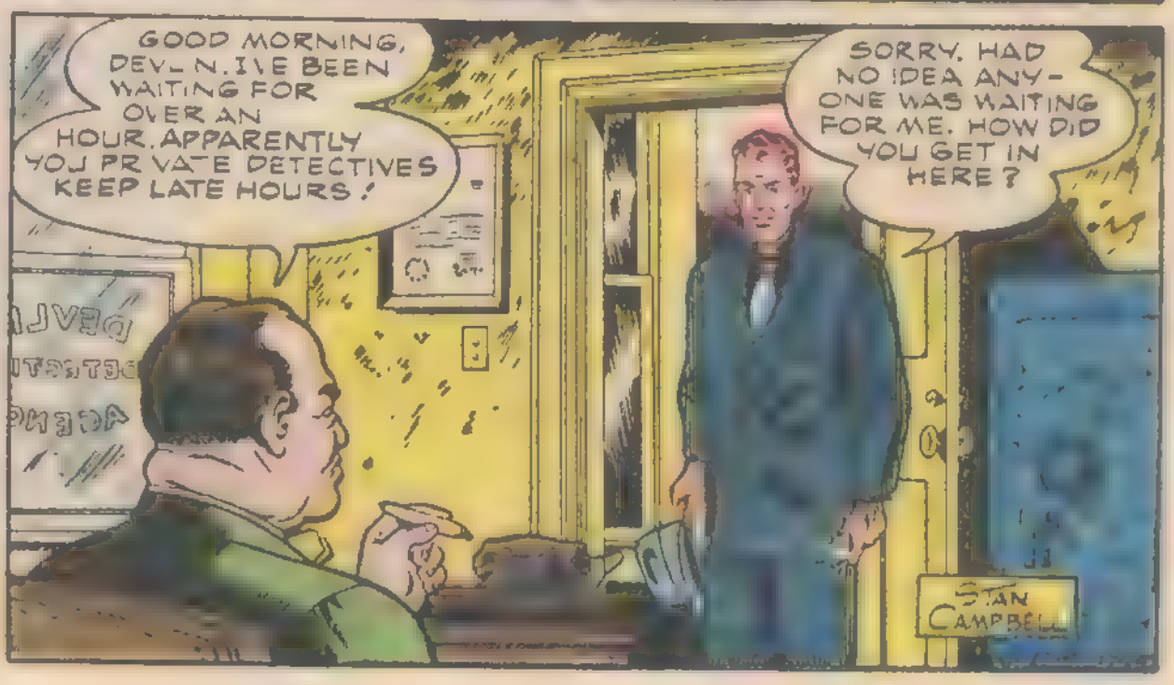
THERE HE IS, JOHN!
LOOKS LIKE WE'RE TOO LATE TO DO ANY GOOD FOR THE ATTENDANT!
GET HIM... BEFORE HE GETS ACROSS THE HIGHWAY!
NUTS TO...
HALT! OR WE SHOOT!
HEY! I DIDN'T SEE...
GET OUT OF THE ROAD... ..LOOK OUT!
SCREEEEECH!
THIS GUY'S STIFF AS A GOAT, EDDIE... IS THAT DRIVER OKAY?
YEAH... I'M..OKAY! LISTEN, OFFICER, HE RAN RIGHT IN FRONT...
RELAX MISTER. WE BOTH SAW IT. YOU WON'T BE IN ANY TROUBLE
THE END

CRIME AND JUSTICE

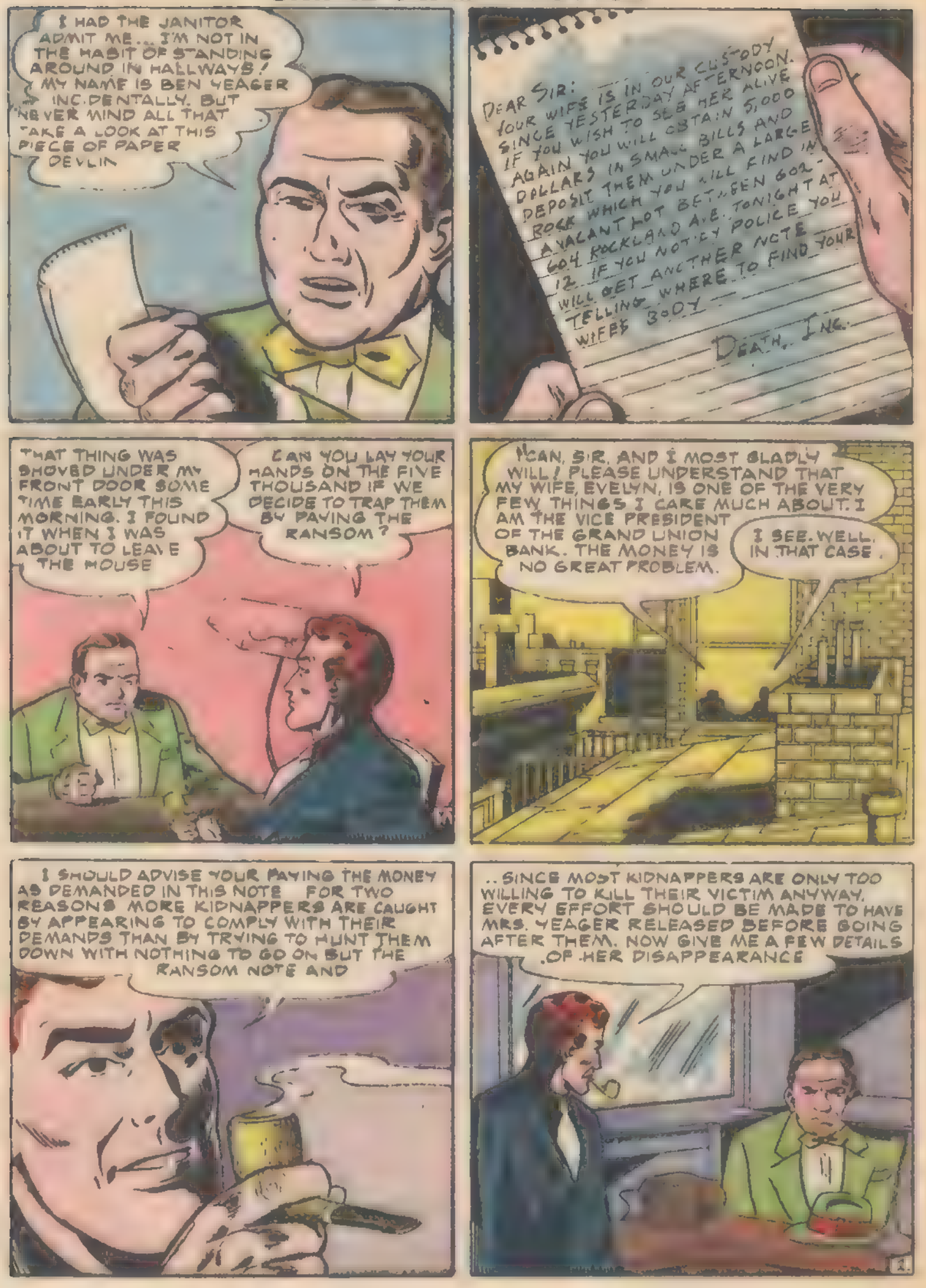
DEATH, INCORPORATED!

THE FIRST PAYMENT HAD DISAPPEARED AND NO ONE HAD WITNESSED WHO TOOK IT. IT SEEMED IMPOSSIBLE THAT FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS IN SMALL BILLS COULD BE PICKED UP UNDER THE EYES OF TWO CITY DETECTIVES WITHOUT THEIR SEEING IT, BUT THAT WAS ONLY ONE OF THE TRICKS WE WERE UP AGAINST WHEN SERGEANT CARR AND I ACCEPTED THE CHALLENGE OF THE KILLER CALLED...

"IT WAS A SPRING MORNING, ONE OF THE FIRST, AND I HAD FELT PRETTY GOOD ABOUT THE WHOLE WORLD ON MY WAY TO WORK ON THIS PARTICULAR MORNING. HOWEVER, THE FEELING VANISHED AS I ENTERED MY OFFICE...


GOOD MORNING, DEV-N.IVE BEEN WAITING FOR OVER AN HOUR. APPARENTLY YOU PRIVATE DETECTIVES KEEP LATE HOURS!
SORRY. HAD NO IDEA ANYONE WAS WAITING FOR ME. HOW DID YOU GET IN HERE?
STAN CAMPBELL

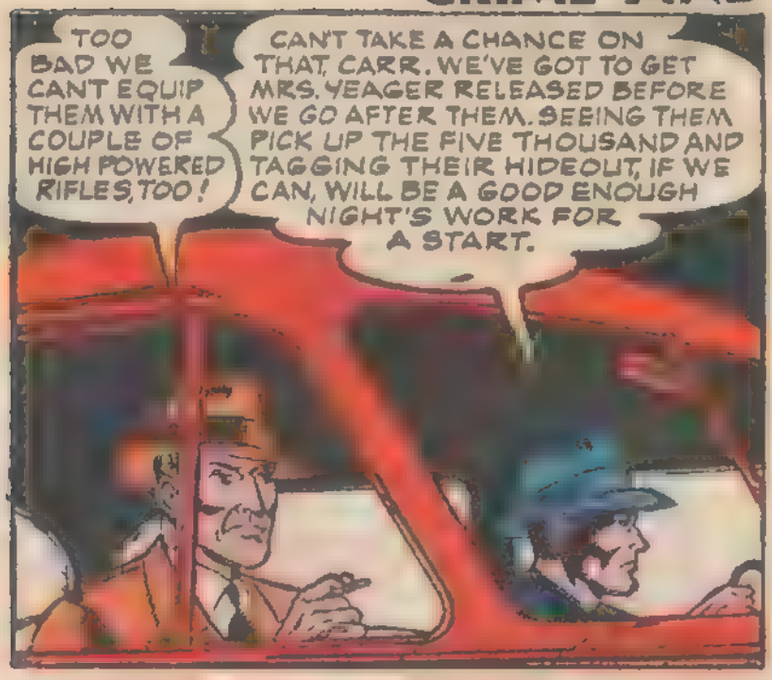
CRIME AND JUSTICE

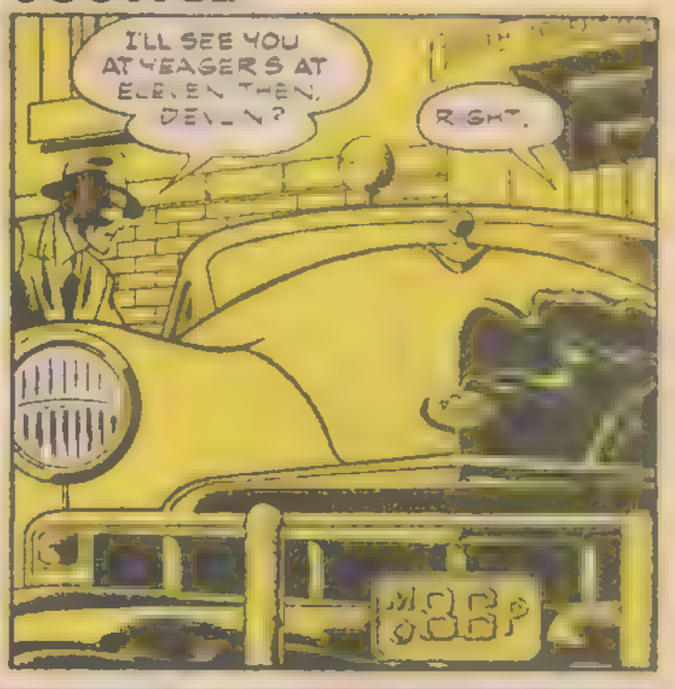

I HAD THE JANITOR ADMIT ME... I'M NOT IN THE HABIT OF STANDING AROUND IN HALLWAYS! MY NAME IS BEN YEAGER INCIDENTALLY. BUT NEVER MIND ALL THAT TAKE A LOOK AT THIS PIECE OF PAPER DEVLIN
DEAR SIR: YOUR WIFE IS IN OUR CUSTODY SINCE YESTERDAY AFTERNOON. IF YOU WISH TO SEE HER ALIVE AGAIN YOU WILL OBTAIN 5,000 DOLLARS IN SMALL BILLS AND DEPOSIT THEM UNDER A LARGE ROCK WHICH YOU WILL FIND IN A VACANT LOT BETWEEN 602-604 ROCKLAND AVE. TONIGHT AT 12. IF YOU NOTIFY POLICE YOU WILL GET ANOTHER NOTE TELLING WHERE TO FIND YOUR WIFE'S BODY
DEATH, INC.
THAT THING WAS SHOVED UNDER MY FRONT DOOR SOME TIME EARLY THIS MORNING. I FOUND IT WHEN I WAS ABOUT TO LEAVE THE HOUSE
CAN YOU LAY YOUR HANDS ON THE FIVE THOUSAND IF WE DECIDE TO TRAP THEM BY PAYING THE RANSOM?
I CAN, SIR, AND I MOST GLADLY WILL! PLEASE UNDERSTAND THAT MY WIFE, EVELYN, IS ONE OF THE VERY FEW THINGS I CARE MUCH ABOUT. I AM THE VICE PRESIDENT OF THE GRAND UNION BANK. THE MONEY IS NO GREAT PROBLEM.
I SEE. WELL, IN THAT CASE,
I SHOULD ADVISE YOUR PAYING THE MONEY AS DEMANDED IN THIS NOTE FOR TWO REASONS MORE KIDNAPPERS ARE CAUGHT BY APPEARING TO COMPLY WITH THEIR DEMANDS THAN BY TRYING TO HUNT THEM DOWN WITH NOTHING TO GO ON BUT THE RANSOM NOTE AND
.. SINCE MOST KIDNAPPERS ARE ONLY TOO WILLING TO KILL THEIR VICTIM ANYWAY, EVERY EFFORT SHOULD BE MADE TO HAVE MRS. YEAGER RELEASED BEFORE GOING AFTER THEM. NOW GIVE ME A FEW DETAILS OF HER DISAPPEARANCE

CRIME AND JUSTICE

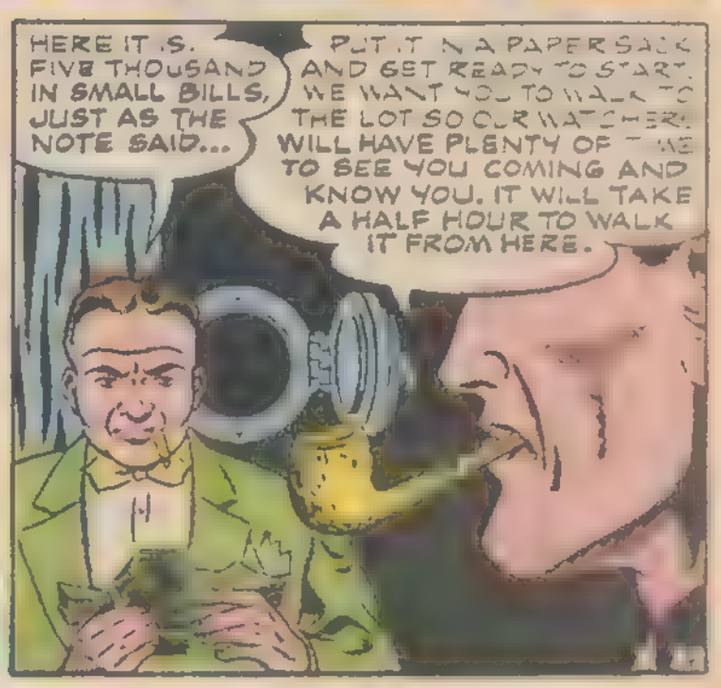
SHE TOLD ME YESTERDAY MORNING SHE WAS GOING TO A MATINEE. I THINK SHE WENT BY HERSELF. I DON'T KNOW WHICH THEATRE. LAST NIGHT, WHEN SHE FAILED TO RETURN HOME BY A LATE HOUR, I CALLED ALL OUR ACQUAINTANCES I COULD THINK OF. NO ONE HAD BEEN HER. THIS MORNING, THE NOTE.
TRY TO ACT AS NEARLY NORMAL TODAY AS YOU CAN. DON'T DO ANYTHING THAT MIGHT ALARM THEM IF THEY ARE WATCHING YOU. I'LL GET IN TOUCH WITH YOU LATER THIS EVENING IN REGARD TO THE RANSOM PAYMENT. I'LL KEEP THIS NOTE FOR THE TIME BEING, IF YOU DON'T MIND.
"AFTER YEAGER LEFT I CALLED THE POLICE AND ASKED FOR AN OLD FRIEND SERGEANT BILLY CARR. ALTHOUGH THE NOTE WARNED AGAINST THE POLICE, I WAS ONLY ONE MAN, AND THAT VACANT LOT WAS GOING TO NEED SOME COVERING TONIGHT..."
"LATER IN THE DAY I MET CARR FOR LUNCH AND WE WORKED OUT WHAT WE THOUGHT WAS A PRETTY SOUND SYSTEM FOR BAGGING OUR KIDNAPPERS ONCE THE RANSOM HAD BEEN PAID...
LET'S GO OUT AND TAKE A LOOK AT THAT LOT ON ROCKLAND AVE. AND PICK A SPOT FOR YOUR MEN TONIGHT.
WE CAN PUT A MAN IN AN OFFICE OF ONE OF THOSE FACTORIES OVER THERE WITH BINOCULARS TONIGHT, AND ANOTHER IN THAT APARTMENT BUILDING AHEAD. BOTH WILL HAVE AN UNOBSTRUCTED VIEW OF THAT BOULDER OUT THERE...

CRIME AND JUSTICE


TOO BAD WE CANT EQUIP THEM WITH A COUPLE OF HIGH POWERED RIFLES, TOO!
CAN'T TAKE A CHANCE ON THAT, CARR. WE'VE GOT TO GET MRS. YEAGER RELEASED BEFORE WE GO AFTER THEM. SEEING THEM PICK UP THE FIVE THOUSAND AND TAGGING THEIR HIDEOUT, IF WE CAN, WILL BE A GOOD ENOUGH NIGHT'S WORK FOR A START.



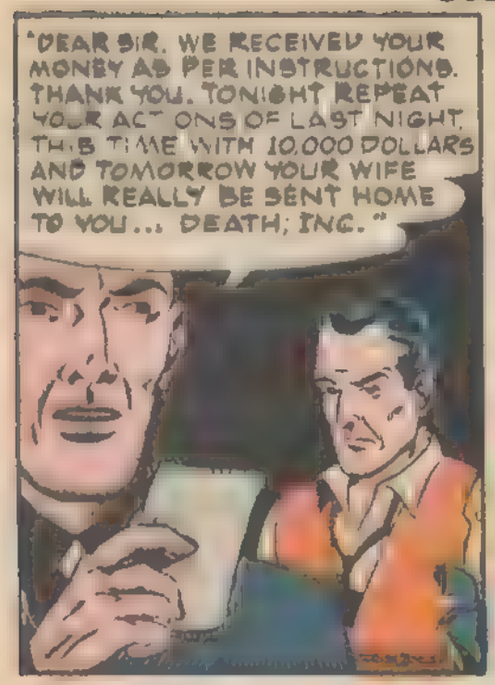
I RANG YEAGER'S FRONT DOOR BELL AT EXACTLY ELEVEN O'CLOCK, AND HE OPENED THE DOOR HIMSELF.
THIS IS SERGEANT CARR OF HEAD-QUARTERS, MR. YEAGER.


HERE IT IS. FIVE THOUSAND IN SMALL BILLS, JUST AS THE NOTE SAID...
PUT IT IN A PAPER SACK AND GET READY TO START. WE WANT YOU TO WALK TO THE LOT SO OUR WATCHERS WILL HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TO SEE YOU COMING AND KNOW YOU. IT WILL TAKE A HALF HOUR TO WALK IT FROM HERE.

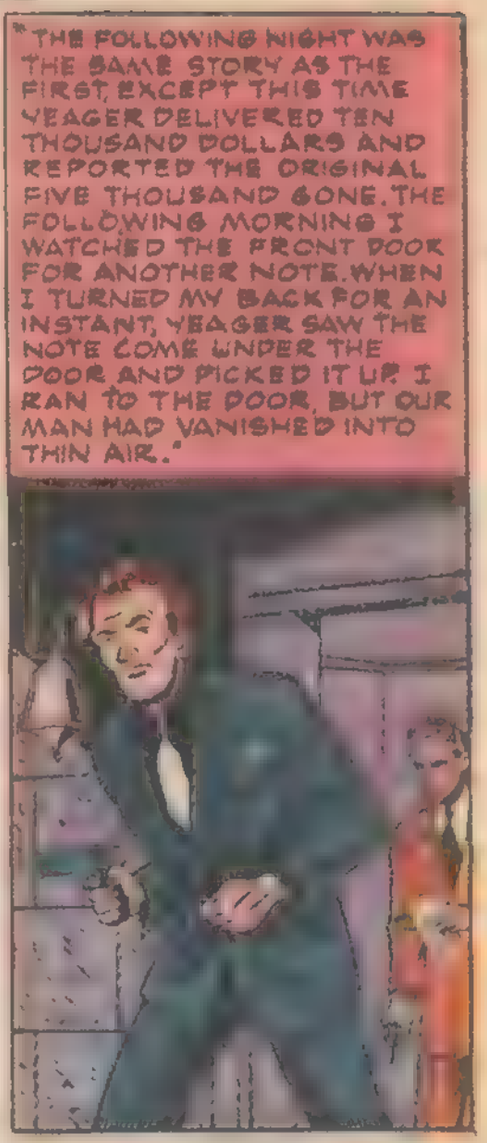
CRIME AND JUSTICE

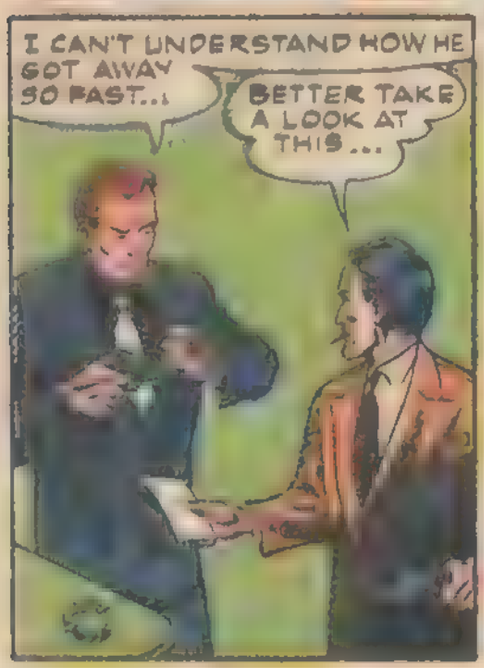
"YEAGER LEFT, AND A HALF HOUR LATER THE PHONE RANG. IT WAS THE DETECTIVE IN THE APARTMENT BUILDING. HE TOLD US YEAGER HAD LEFT THE MONEY AT THE ROCK AND GONE BACK THE WAY HE HAD COME."
"WHEN HE RETURNED AT TWELVE THIRTY, THE BANKER SAID HE HAD SEEN NO ONE, LEFT THE RANSOM AND CAME STRAIGHT HOME. WE WAITED FOR THE WATCHERS' HOURLY CALLS TO COME IN..."
"THE REPORTS CAME EVERY HOUR FROM BOTH OF OUR WATCHERS. THEY WERE ALL THE SAME... NO ONE HAD GONE INTO THE VACANT LOT ON ROCKLAND AVENUE. WE TOLD YEAGER TO GO TO BED, BUT HE PREFERRED TO STAY..."
ARE YOU ABSOLUTELY SURE, JOHNSON?
"BY SEVEN A.M. WE KNEW THERE HAD BEEN A SLIP-UP IN OUR PLANS."
I'M TELLING YOU, SERGEANT, THERE HASN'T BEEN A SOUL GONE INTO THIS VACANT LOT ALL NIGHT, LET ALONE GO NEAR THAT ROCK! I'VE GOT THE PHONE RIGHT HERE AT THE WINDOW SO I DON'T HAVE TO LEAVE FOR EVEN A MINUTE ...
LOOK AT THIS, DEVLIN. IT WAS JUST INSIDE THE FRONT DOOR... LIKE THE OTHER ONE!

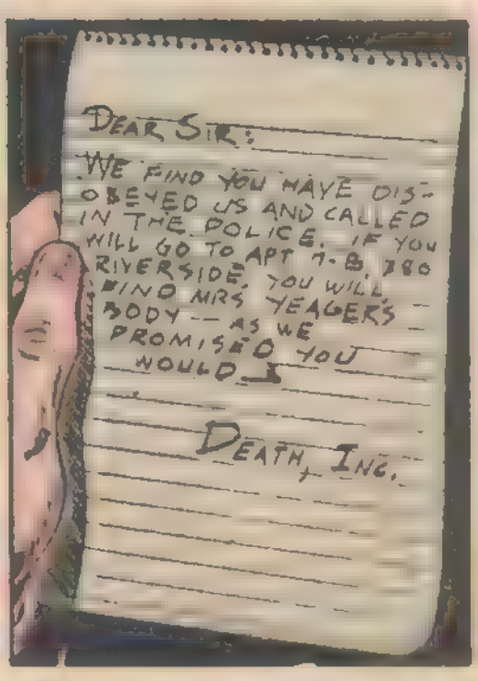
CRIME AND JUSTICE

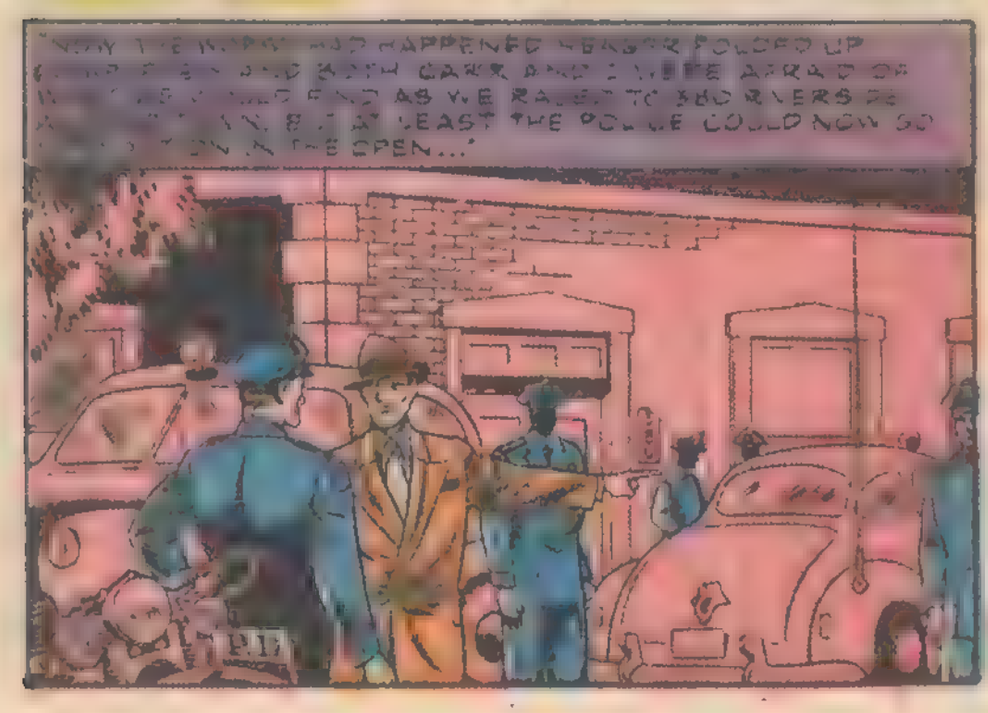

"DEAR SIR. WE RECEIVED YOUR MONEY AS PER INSTRUCTIONS. THANK YOU. TONIGHT REPEAT YOUR ACTIONS OF LAST NIGHT. THIS TIME WITH 10,000 DOLLARS AND TOMORROW YOUR WIFE WILL REALLY BE SENT HOME TO YOU... DEATH, INC."

HOW DID THEY DO IT? BOTH OF THOSE !@?-%??*$! COULDN'T HAVE BEEN SLEEPING WHEN THE PICK-UP WAS MADE! TONIGHT WE'LL DOUBLE THE WATCH... JUST TO BE SURE!

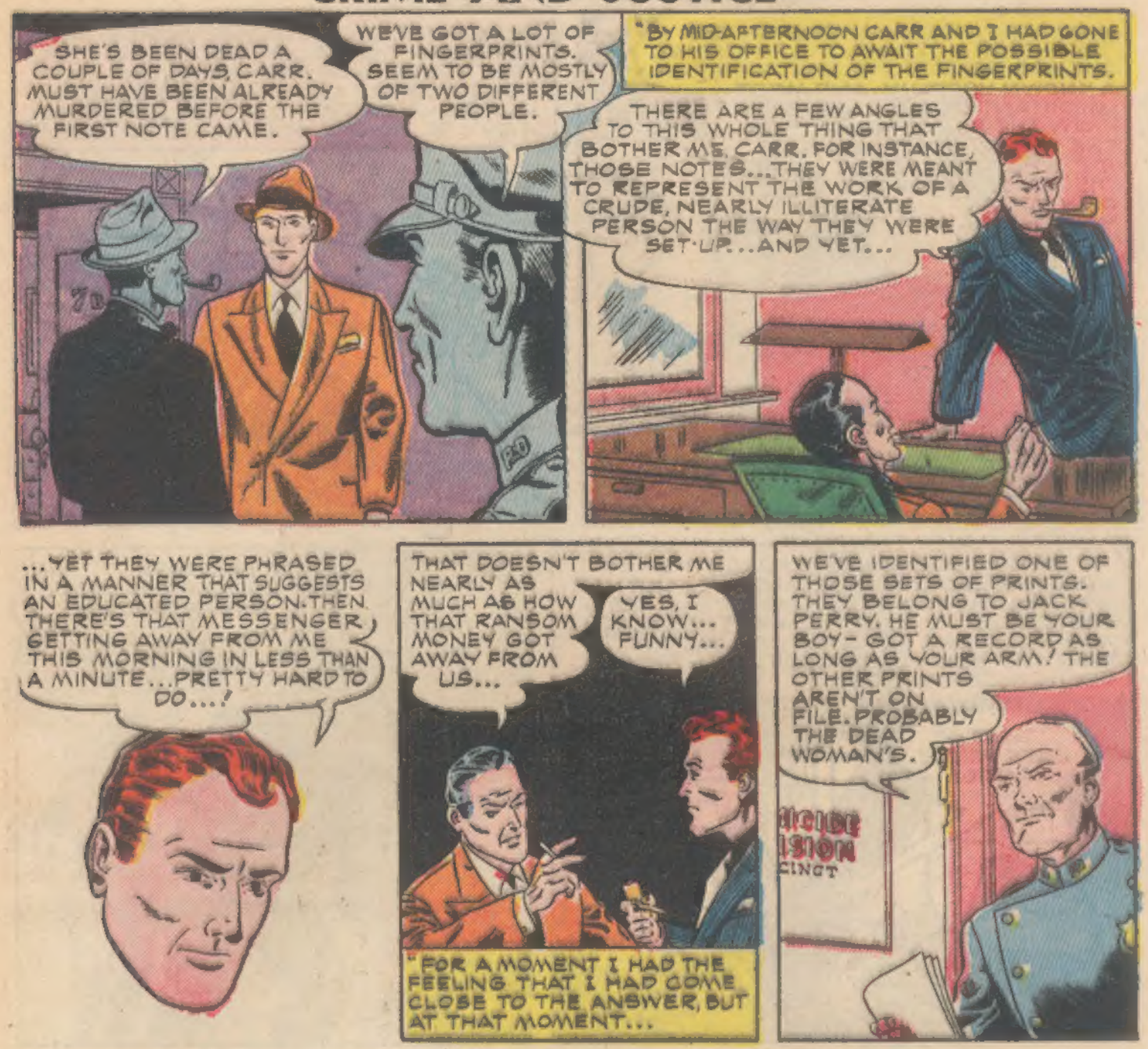

"THE FOLLOWING NIGHT WAS THE SAME STORY AS THE FIRST, EXCEPT THIS TIME YEAGER DELIVERED TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS AND REPORTED THE ORIGINAL FIVE THOUSAND GONE. THE FOLLOWING MORNING I WATCHED THE FRONT DOOR FOR ANOTHER NOTE. WHEN I TURNED MY BACK FOR AN INSTANT, YEAGER SAW THE NOTE COME UNDER THE DOOR AND PICKED IT UP. I RAN TO THE DOOR, BUT OUR MAN HAD VANISHED INTO THIN AIR."




DEAR SIR:
WE FIND YOU HAVE DISOBEYED US AND CALLED IN THE POLICE. IF YOU WILL GO TO APT 7-B, 780 RIVERSIDE, YOU WILL FIND MRS. YEAGER'S BODY -- AS WE PROMISED YOU WOULD.
DEATH, INC.


"NOW THE WORST HAD HAPPENED. WEBSTER FOLDED UP AND BOTH CARR AND I WERE AFRAID OF AND AS WE RACED TO RIVERSIDE BUT AT LEAST THE POLICE COULD NOW GO IN THE OPEN..."

CRIME AND JUSTICE


SHE'S BEEN DEAD A COUPLE OF DAYS, CARR. MUST HAVE BEEN ALREADY MURDERED BEFORE THE FIRST NOTE CAME.
WE'VE GOT A LOT OF FINGERPRINTS. SEEM TO BE MOSTLY OF TWO DIFFERENT PEOPLE.
"BY MID-AFTERNOON CARR AND I HAD GONE TO HIS OFFICE TO AWAIT THE POSSIBLE IDENTIFICATION OF THE FINGERPRINTS.
THERE ARE A FEW ANGLES TO THIS WHOLE THING THAT BOTHER ME, CARR. FOR INSTANCE, THOSE NOTES...THEY WERE MEANT TO REPRESENT THE WORK OF A CRUDE, NEARLY ILLITERATE PERSON THE WAY THEY WERE SET-UP...AND YET...
...YET THEY WERE PHRASED IN A MANNER THAT SUGGESTS AN EDUCATED PERSON. THEN THERE'S THAT MESSENGER GETTING AWAY FROM ME THIS MORNING IN LESS THAN A MINUTE...PRETTY HARD TO DO...!
THAT DOESN'T BOTHER ME NEARLY AS MUCH AS HOW THAT RANSOM MONEY GOT AWAY FROM US...
YES, I KNOW... FUNNY...
"FOR A MOMENT I HAD THE FEELING THAT I HAD COME CLOSE TO THE ANSWER, BUT AT THAT MOMENT...
WE'VE IDENTIFIED ONE OF THOSE SETS OF PRINTS. THEY BELONG TO JACK PERRY. HE MUST BE YOUR BOY - GOT A RECORD AS LONG AS YOUR ARM! THE OTHER PRINTS AREN'T ON FILE. PROBABLY THE DEAD WOMAN'S.

JACK PERRY, HUH?
YES. AND THE APARTMENT OUT ON RIVERSIDE IS PERRY'S PLACE! WE FINALLY GOT HOLD OF THE LANDLORD AND HE VERIFIED IT.
AN EX-CON KILLING A WOMAN IN HIS OWN PLACE? DOESN'T ADD UP, CARR.
THEY'LL DO PRETTY STUPID THINGS SOMETIMES... AND, ANYWAY, IT'S THE OBVIOUS ANSWER.
NO, IT ISN'T! I'VE GOT THE ANSWER! LISTEN TO THIS, CARR. THE MONEY GONE, BUT NO ONE PICKING IT UP. THE LANGUAGE AND WORDING OF THOSE NOTES...

...MY NOT FINDING ANYONE ON THE PORCH THIS MORNING. THE FACT THAT SHE WAS DEAD IN THE APARTMENT OF A KNOWN HOODLUM, AND, MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL, CARR, THEY KNEW THE POLICE WERE IN ON THE THING! DON'T YOU SEE IT? WHO KNEW ABOUT THE POLICE BEING IN? ONLY YOU AND I AND YOUR MEN... AND YEAGER!

"WE MOVED THEN... BUT FAST! ONCE WE REALIZED THE TRUTH, THE WHOLE THING FELL INTO PLACE FOR US. NO ONE HAD PICKED UP THE MONEY BECAUSE YEAGER HAD GONE TO THE ROCK AND LEFT AGAIN, WITH THE MONEY STILL IN HIS POCKET!"

WHEEEOOOOO

"NO ONE HAD BEEN ON THAT PORCH THIS - OR ANY OTHER-MORNING, BECAUSE YEAGER HAD WRITTEN THOSE NOTES HIMSELF AND THEN PRETENDED TO FIND THEM AT THE DOOR! IT WAS ALL CLEAR EXCEPT FOR A MOTIVE... WHY HAD BEN YEAGER SUDDENLY BECOME DEATH, INCORPORATED?"

THAT'S JACK PERRY, CARR!

THAT WAS A SHOT, INSIDE!

HE'LL HAVE LOCKED THE DOOR! BREAK IT DOWN!

POW!

IS YEAGER DEAD, PERRY?

IF HE AIN'T, THAT HOLE I BLEW IN THE MIDDLE OF HIS FACE WON'T HELP HIS LOOKS ANY!

YOU WERE A FOOL FOR KILLING HIM! WE KNEW YOU DIDN'T KIDNAP MRS. YEAGER.

YOU KNEW THAT, HUH? GUESS I MIS-CUED, THEN... FIGURED AN EX-CON LIKE ME TO BE NATURAL FOR THE RAP! EVE WAS GOIN' TO DIVORCE THE FAT SLOB AND MARRY ME... HE FOUND OUT... TRAILED HER TO MY PLACE... KILLED HER THERE. I FOUND HER AND DECIDED TO GET HIM BEFORE YOU GUYS GOT ME! YOU... SHOOT STRAIGHT... DEVLIN...

THE END

CAN YOU SOLVE THIS?

IN THE OFFICE OF YOUNG ATTORNEY AL FOSS...

A FEW WEEKS LATER INSPECTOR [illegible] INVESTIGATES JOYCE'S DEATH...

SHE OFTEN WENT FOR A WALK BEFORE RETIRING. WHEN I AWOKE THIS MORNING, I HEARD THE PHONOGRAPH PLAYING. I RAN OUTSIDE AND FOUND HER.

REGAN FINDS JOYCE'S OTHER SHOE...

SOLUTION.
THE MISSING SHOE SHOULD HAVE FIT THE LEFT FOOT BUT IT WAS A RIGHT SHOE. AL FOSS LATER CONFESSED... HE SAID HE HAD BEATEN HIS WIFE, THEN ARRANGED THE ACCIDENT SCENE. IN HIS HASTE HE HAD TAKEN TWO RIGHT SHOES OF A SIMILAR TYPE.

APPEAR SLIMMER INSTANTLY!

With the Amazing

TUMMY FLATTENING **COMMANDER**

INTERLOCKING HANDS OF FIRM SUPPORT*

Only $2.98

Test now how you'll feel wearing the COMMANDER this way: clasp hands across the abdomen as shown and press up and in. Feel good? Protruding stomach held in? That's how you'll look and feel when you put on the COMMANDER. No leg bands, buckles, straps or laces. Changeable crotch piece.

FREE 10 DAY TRIAL OFFER!

SEND NO MONEY! Convince yourself. See the amazing difference with your own eyes. Try the appearance reducing COMMANDER at our expense. If not delighted with the immediate results, return in 10 days for immediate refund. Sent in Plain Wrapper by Return Mail. Don't wait! Act NOW!

*TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PATENT OFFICE

-WARD GREEN CO., Dept. TR-9-

113 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

Rush COMMANDER on approval in Plain Wrapper by Return Mail. I'll pay postman $2.98 plus postage. If not delighted with immediate results, I may return in 10 days for immediate refund. (Special Large Sizes 48 to 60—$3.98.)

MY WAIST MEASURE IS.....

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone.... State.....

☐ I enclose $2.98 (or $3.98 for sizes 48 to 60) Ward Green Co. pays postage. Same refund offer holds.

☐ Also send.....extra crotch pieces. (75¢ each, 3 for $2.00.)

Reducing Specialist Says: **LOSE WEIGHT** Where It Shows Most **REDUCE** MOST ANY PART OF THE BODY WITH

ELECTRIC Spot Reducer

Relaxing • Soothing Penetrating Massage

PLUG IN
GRASP HANDLE
A

UNDERWRITERS LABORATORY APPROVED

FOR GREATEST BENEFIT IN REDUCING by massage use SPOT REDUCER with or without electricity—Also used as an aid in the relief of pains for which massage is indicated.

Take pounds off—keep slim and trim with Spot Reducer! Remarkable new invention which uses one of the most effective reducing methods employed by masseurs and turkish baths—MASSAGE!

TAKE OFF EXCESS WEIGHT!

Don't Stay FAT—You Can LOSE POUNDS and INCHES SAFELY Without Risking HEALTH

LIKE a magic wand, the "Spot Reducer" obeys your every wish. Most any part of your body where it is loose and flabby, wherever you have extra weight and inches, the "Spot Reducer" can aid you in acquiring a youthful, slender and graceful figure. The beauty of this scientifically designed Reducer is that the method is so simple and easy, the results quick, sure and harmless. No exercises or strict diets. No steambaths, drugs or laxatives.

With the SPOT REDUCER you can now enjoy the benefits of RELAXING, SOOTHING massage in the privacy of your own home! Simple to use—just plug in, grasp handle and apply over most any part of the body—stomach, hips, chest, neck, thighs, arms, buttocks, etc. The relaxing, soothing massage breaks down FATTY TISSUES, tones the muscles and flesh, and the increased awakened blood circulation carries away waste fat—helps you regain and keep a firmer and more GRACEFUL FIGURE!

YOUR OWN PRIVATE MASSEUR AT HOME

When you use the Spot Reducer, it's almost like having your own private masseur at home. It's fun reducing this way! It not only helps you reduce and keep slim—but also aids in the relief of those types of aches and pains—and tired nerves that can be helped by massage! The Spot Reducer is handsomely made of light weight aluminum and rubber and truly a beautiful invention you will be thankful you own. AC 110 volts. Underwriters Laboratory approved.

MAIL THIS 10 DAY FREE TRIAL COUPON NOW!

TRY THE SPOT REDUCER 10 DAYS FREE IN YOUR OWN HOME!

Mail this coupon with only $1 for your Spot Reducer on approval. Pay postman $8.95 plus delivery—or send $9.95 (full price) and we ship postage prepaid. Use it for ten days in your own home. Then if not delighted return Spot Reducer for full purchase price refund. Don't delay! You have nothing to lose—except ugly, embarrassing, undesirable pounds of FAT. MAIL COUPON now!

SENT ON APPROVAL—MAIL COUPON NOW!

SPOT REDUCER CO., Dept. B-94
318 Market St., Newark, New Jersey

Please send me the Standard Model SPOT REDUCER for 10 days trial period. I enclose $1.00, upon arrival I will pay postman only $8.95 plus postage and handling. If not delighted I may return SPOT REDUCER within 10 days for prompt refund of full purchase price.

☐ I enclose $12.95. Send DeLux Model, postage pre-paid.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

☐ SAVE POSTAGE—check here if you enclose $12.95 for DeLux Model. We pay all postage and handling charges. Same money back guarantee applies.

☐ I enclose $9.95. Send Standard Model.

LOSE WEIGHT OR NO CHARGE

ALSO USE IT FOR ACHES AND PAINS

CAN'T SLEEP:

Relax with electric Spot Reducer. See how soothing its gentle massage can be. Helps you sleep when massage can be of benefit.

MUSCULAR ACHES:

A handy helper for transient relief of discomforts that can be aided by gentle, relaxing massage.

LOSE WEIGHT OR NO CHARGE

USED BY EXPERTS

Thousands have lost weight this way — in hips, abdomen, legs, arms, necks, buttocks, etc. The same method used by stage, screen and radio personalities and leading reducing salons. The Spot Reducer can be used in your spare time, in the privacy of your own room.

ORDER IT TODAY!